

The Pastness of the Present and the Presence of the Past

I

Do we really want to talk about "authenticity" any more? I had hoped a consensus was forming that to use the word in connection with the performance of music—and especially to define a particular style, manner, or philosophy of performance—is neither description nor critique, but commercial propaganda, the stock-in-trade of press agents and promoters. I note with some satisfaction that John Spitzer's entry under "authenticity" in the *New Harvard Dictionary of Music* does not even mention performance.¹ It deals, rather, with "the nature of the link between a composer and a work that bears his or her name," that is, with texts and transmission, the traditional and proper domain of scholarly authentication.

Satisfaction is somewhat diminished as the eye wanders up to the entry preceding Spitzer's, where we find, as the third of five definitions of the adjective "authentic," the following: "In performance practice, instruments or styles of playing that are historically appropriate to the music being performed." There it is at last in all its purloined majesty, this word that simply cannot be rid of its moral and ethical overtones (and which always carries its invidious antonym in tow), being used to privilege one philosophy of performance over all others. While one certainly cannot fault a dictionary for

¹Don Michael Randel (ed.), *The New Harvard Dictionary of Music* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1986), 60–61.

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reporting current usage—and the currency of the usage in question, alas, cannot be denied—there does seem to be some (perhaps unwitting) complicity in the perpetuation of the propaganda here, since the operative synonym, "appropriate," is also an ineluctably value-laden term. One simply cannot dissent from the concept when it is defined in this way. One is hardly free to say, "I prefer inauthenticity to authenticity," or, "I prefer inappropriateness to appropriateness"—at least if one is interested in maintaining respectability with the crowd that swears by the *Harvard Dictionary*. Once the terms have been equated in this way, commitment to the values they assign and the privileges they grant must necessarily follow.

The mischief is compounded when we turn to the article on "performance practice," to which the definition of "authentic" refers us. On its face the article is quite reasonable and sophisticated, especially when compared with its notorious predecessor in the "old" *Harvard Dictionary*. Where the earlier entry began by defining the term as "the study of how early music, from the Middle Ages to Bach, was performed and the many problems connected with attempts to restore its original sound in modern performance," and ended with what seems now the incredibly provincial observation that "in the period after Bach the problems of performance practice largely disappear, owing to the more specific directions of composers for clearly indicating their intentions,"² its replacement starts out with a minor masterpiece of sweeping yet cautious generalization, defining performance practice as "the conventions and knowledge that enable a performer to create a performance." Very pointedly, the article goes on to emphasize the fact that although "historically, the study of performance practice has concentrated on periods and repertoires in which the gap between what was notated and what was thought necessary for a performance (especially a historically authentic performance) was greatest," nevertheless "the recent history of this study has seen the extent and importance of this gap recognized in repertoires ever closer to the present."³

What we have here is a rather subtle—and again, in all likelihood, benign and unwitting—Socratic bait and switch in which, first, the very recent concept of historical authenticity is implicitly projected back into historical periods that never knew it (this by the use of the past tense in the first of the quoted sentences for both of the phrases in apposition: "what was notated and what was thought necessary for a . . . historically authentic performance," instead of "what is thought necessary . . ." or simply, "what was performed"), and, second, the

²Willi Apel (ed.), *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, 2nd edn. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1969), 658–9.

³*New Harvard Dictionary*, 624.

application of the loaded term to a virtually unlimited musical and historical terrain (effected by carrying over the word "gap," which has been invested both with the notion of the problem and with that of its approved solution, into the second sentence). The definition has become authoritarian, and it signifies a definite encroachment of "historically authentic performance" beyond areas of traditional historical concern into areas where it now threatens the status of artists not trained in "historically appropriate instruments or styles of playing." Which is why the "classical music scene"—in the view of the editor who put the headline to Will Crutchfield's discussion of the so-called "authentic performance movement" in the Sunday *New York Times*—has lately taken on the appearance of a "battlefield,"⁴ and why we are fighting it out, in this book and elsewhere.

Many have realized that the battle is bloodier than it ought to be precisely because of that dread yet hollow shibboleth with which one of the armies insists on scourging the other. So some writers, myself among them, have proposed that talk of authenticity might better be left to moral philosophers, textual critics, and luthiers. Gary Tomlinson wants to reserve it to historians such as himself: by his lights an "authentic" performance would seem to be a performance accompanied by a good set of program notes.⁵ Joseph Kerman calls "authentic" a "baleful term which has caused endless acrimony," for it "resonates with unearned good vibrations."⁶ A retreat into euphemism can be observed. The American Musicological Society, in its guidelines to the Noah Greenberg Award, now uses the term "historically-aware."⁷ The New York concert series "Music Before 1800" has used "historically accurate" in its promotional literature.⁸ At the Oberlin conference at which this essay was in part delivered as a lecture in March

⁴Will Crutchfield, "A Report From the Battlefield," *New York Times* (Sunday, 28 July 1985), sec. 2, 1. The headline on the article's continuation (p. 8) reads "Musicians Are at War over the 'Right' Way to Play."

⁵"The Historian, the Performer, and Authentic Meaning in Music, in *Authenticity in Early Music*, 115–36.

⁶*Contemplating Music: Challenges to Musicology* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1985), 192.

⁷*AMS Newsletter* 16/2 (Aug. 1986): 5, 14.

⁸This phrase was also used as an interchangeable equivalent with "historically authentic" (though not explicitly identified as such) by Donald J. Grout in his essay, "On Historical Authenticity in the Performance of Old Music," in *Essays on Music in Honor of Archibald Thompson Davison* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1957), 341–47. This forty-year-old piece, the title of which seems to contain one of the earliest uses of the word "authenticity" in the sense that has since become so widespread and cultish, can serve as a convenient benchmark by which to measure the subsequent progress of the field. Much that Grout wrote off as pipe-dreaming in 1957, particularly as regards mastering old instruments and singing techniques, is taken for granted as a fact of musical life today.

1987, "historically informed" was the going phrase. But these ersatz shibboleths will not achieve a cease-fire, if that is their intent, for they still imply invidious comparison with what is unaware, inaccurate, and un- or misinformed. Whether we even have a right to use the word "accurate" is grounds for a battle in itself; and I doubt whether history has much to do with it, as you will see.

Kerman proposes the Tomlinsonesque word "contextual" as a "value-free substitute," and while the word does pass the invidious-antonym test, it raises problems of its own. It seems to validate what is often cited as a major shortcoming of "historical" performance, that it places the chief emphasis on factors external to the music performed and can actually subvert real interpretation, the value Kerman sets above all others. At the very least it seems to encourage what seems to me the naive assumption that re-creating all the external conditions that obtained in the original performance of a piece will thus re-create the composer's inner experience of the piece and allow him to "speak for himself," that is, unimpeded by that base intruder, the performer's subjectivity. Doubtless Kerman would not construe contexts so narrowly as I fear, but others certainly have. Christopher Hogwood's recording of the "Eroica" Symphony, for example, is an express attempt to re-create the conditions that obtained at the first performance of that piece, at a private house, by "a very powerful company (consisting almost entirely of amateurs)."⁹ These factors are cited to justify a performance practice that lacks the "wider variety of nuance and tempo modification which were later to be considered the hallmarks of a conductor's interpretation," but instead features the "uncomplicated, rhythmical" approach typical of amateur performances to this day.¹⁰ I would like to think that Kerman would recoil along with me from such an abject and literalistic rejection of interpretive responsibilities, which arises not so much out of serious artistic conviction as out of Wellsian time-travel fantasies. But such performances do follow logically from the premises his word implies. The concept of contextuality seems especially paradoxical when you consider that practically all music composed before 1800, and a great deal composed since, is almost invariably heard out of context today—that is, in that most anachronistic of all settings, the concert hall. But what am I saying? Now we can hear *Aida* on the patio and the St. Matthew Passion in the shower—in anybody's performance. No, clearly, "contextual" will not do.

⁹Christopher Hogwood, "Hogwood's Beethoven," *Gramophone* (Mar. 1986): 1136. For details of this performance at the Vienna palace of Prince von Lobkowitz, and the rehearsals that led up to it, see Tomislav Volek and Jaroslav Macek, "Beethoven's Rehearsals at the Lobkowitzs," *Musical Times* 127 (1986): 75–80.

¹⁰Clive Brown, notes to Oiseau-Lyre 414 338.

How about "verisimilar," then? Can we fairly say, without introducing spurious moral issues, that performances of a type described in days of yore as "authentic" are actually aiming at nothing more controversial than historical verisimilitude? I'm afraid not. For one thing, it *is* controversial, and has been so from the beginning. Why should this be our aim? What does such an aim say about us? If, Donald Grout wrote some forty years ago, a composer of "old music"

could by some miracle be brought to life in the twentieth century to be quizzed about the methods of performance in his own times, his first reaction would certainly be one of astonishment at our interest in such matters. Have we no living tradition of music, that we must be seeking to revive a dead one? The question might be embarrassing. Musical archaism may be a symptom of a disintegrating civilization.¹¹

Besides, our conception of historical verisimilitude, despite all the strides that have been made in the decades since Grout wrote, and despite any strides we are likely to make in the future, remains just as speculative and contingent—and hence, just as specious—as it was in 1957. It is true that some performance styles that have arisen in the last quarter century under the banner of historical verisimilitude have proven extremely persuasive, influential, and (with the passage of time) authoritative—at least within the world of performance. One is the, shall we call it, "Mediterranean" style of rendering the songs of the troubadours, pioneered in the 1960s by Thomas Binkley, Andrea von Ramm, and their colleagues in the Studio der frühen Musik in Munich. Another is the Netherlandish style of baroque string playing associated with names such as Jaap Schröder, Anner Bylsma, and the brothers Kuijken. An earlier example would be the style of Gregorian chant singing evolved at the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes by Pothier and Mocquereau. The fact is, however, that in not one of these cases can the historicity of the style in question withstand the slightest scrutiny on any positive documentary basis. Does that invalidate them? Only from the point of view of historical data. Whatever the case a scholarly prosecutor might choose to bring against them, they will remain as persuasive and authoritative as ever, until a more persuasive style, as is inevitable, comes along to supersede them. What makes for persuasion, I want to emphasize—and hence, what makes for authority and authenticity, in a sense I would approve—has to do both with the persuaders and with the persuaded.

Those whose scholarly superego insists that everything they do must survive a trial-by-document are doomed to a marginal existence as performers. As I have argued before, strict accountability reduces

¹¹"On Historical Authenticity," 346.

performance practice to a lottery, for the performer can exercise no control over the state of evidence. If you construe your fragmentary evidence the way religious fundamentalists construe scripture—that is, if you believe that what is not permitted is prohibited—then you will find yourself in the position of the Early Music performer who happily averred that, when making records (which are themselves "documents" of a special narcissistic kind), "I personally try to restrain all the people who work with me. . . . I think it's best to be minimal about your additions," lest the recording "embarrass us for another twenty years."¹² There is logic in this position, but it is the logic of certain death. There is nothing you can do, after all, and be sure that someone will not say, "Hey, you can't do that!" If you want no one to say it, you must do nothing—as many do in the name of "authenticity." Such an authenticity is worthy neither of the name nor of serious discussion.

The inadequacy of "historical verisimilitude" as an umbrella concept to account for the style of performance we are trying to name is especially poignant in the case of certain performers and groups that explicitly eschew verisimilitude as a performance ideal yet are clearly within the pale of the so-called "authenticity movement." Peter Phillips, the director of the Tallis Scholars, one of the young English choirs whose work has set a new standard in the performance of Renaissance sacred polyphony, has come right out and said that "we can guess at the type of sound produced by sixteenth-century choirs, and the evidence suggests that imitation of them would be highly undesirable." Even more forthrightly, he continued: "It is unlikely that any choir in the sixteenth century had at any one time a group of singers who were sufficiently young to perform in a manner which we should consider to be ideal—conditions then were not so favourable to experiment and choice as they are now, and it is for that very reason that we can be so bold as to say that we think we can do better."¹³ I dare say we ought to do better than the band of amateurs who thrashed their uncomplicated rhythmical way through the first performance of the "Eroica," too.

The difference between the new English choirs and their sixteenth-century prototypes was a matter not only of age, but of gender as well. The new choirs use women rather than boys on the stratospheric treble parts in Tudor music. This was a decision consciously taken in the mid-1960s by David Wulstan, the founder and director of the

¹²James Badal, "On Record: Christopher Hogwood," *Fanfare* (Nov.–Dec. 1985): 90–91.

¹³"Performance Practice in 16th-Century English Choral Music," *Early Music* 6 (1978): 195.

Clerkes of Oxenford, the first of the new choirs, after five years in which the group had worked as a traditional men-and-boys choir. It is curiously revealing that Wulstan and his spokesmen were at first not so straightforward as Phillips about methods and aims. "The primary object [was] to obtain as nearly as possible the sound of the great English Sixteenth Century Choirs," we may read in the programme notes to one of Wulstan's early recordings. "Because boys' voices now break early, they tend to find the high vocal parts of the period overtaxing: with proper training, however, girls' voices can produce exactly the right sound."¹⁴ Now Wulstan, obviously, had never heard a "great English Sixteenth Century Choir." He knew what he wanted, though, and knew he would never get it from boys as young as English choirboys now are. Since he had never heard a seventeen-year-old sixteenth-century choirboy, the sound to which his "girls'" voices came "as nearly as possible" was one he had imagined, not heard. It was, in short, a creation of the twentieth century, not the sixteenth. And yet it somehow had to be passed off as a historical reconstruction.

Why? To placate ol' debbil musicology, I guess. Wulstan is an academic musicologist, Phillips is not. Their differing perspectives on what they were doing (or what they wanted to present themselves as doing) points up the ambivalences in the relationship between musical scholarship and musical performance. Scholars tend to assume it is they who have furnished the major impetus for historical performance. Grout put this in terms of a rather unattractive joke: "Historical Musicology, like Original Sin, has given everybody a bad conscience," he wrote, putting an end to the "days of innocence" when "people did not bother about the original tradition, but simply assumed that the practice of their own nineteenth century was the universal rule and proceeded to apply it accordingly."¹⁵ While some performers do seem to be motivated by a bad conscience—and Grout's choice of simile accords well with what was said earlier about "religious fundamentalism"—I believe he was dead wrong about the origins of the kind of performance we are considering today, and about what sustains it. A glance at the historical record will show that musicology has been a Johnny-come-lately to the authentic performance movement,¹⁶ and I will make bold to assert that musicology has been responsible for more of what has gone wrong with "authen-

¹⁴W. A. Chislett, notes to Seraphim LP 60256 (works of Tallis).

¹⁵"On Historical Authenticity," 342.

¹⁶The two most reliable historical surveys (though we could still use a more comprehensive one) are Howard Mayer Brown, "Pedantry or Liberation? A Sketch of the Historical Performance Movement," in *Authenticity and Early Music*, 27–56; and Harry Haskell, *The Early Music Revival: A History* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1988).

tic" performance than what has gone right with it—though there are welcome signs that this may be changing.

It is the academic mind, not the performer's, that is trained to generalize and to seek normative procedures—even when this means elbowing off the table the difficulties and ambiguities that surround, for a notable example, the Renaissance mensural system.¹⁷ Edgard Varèse once gloomily predicted that "it will not be long before some musical mortician begins embalming electronic music in rules."¹⁸ Compare that with Christopher Hogwood, who looks forward to the day when we will be able, after digesting "sufficient data," to make "rules and regulations" to govern performances of nineteenth-century music.¹⁹ The academic mentality tends to operate on the basis of authority ("objectivity") not identification ("subjectivity").

Let us consider in this light the vexed matter of the composer's intentions vis-à-vis the performer's responsibilities. Musicologists have characteristically assumed, to quote Donald Grout in 1957, that "an ideal performance is one that perfectly realizes the composer's intentions,"²⁰ or, to quote Howard Mayer Brown, that "the central question can be formulated very simply: should we play music in the way the composer intended it?"²¹ I have already had occasion to express my scepticism about such an ideal from standpoints both practical and philosophical. We cannot know intentions, for many reasons—or rather, we cannot know we know them. Composers do not always express them. If they do express them, they may do so disingenuously. Or they may be honestly mistaken, owing to the passage of time or a not necessarily consciously experienced change of taste. If anyone doubts this, let him listen to the five recordings Stravinsky made of *The Rite of Spring*, and try to decide how the composer intended it to go.²² (For "help," one may consult his published reviews of five other performances.)²³ The decision will have to

¹⁷Cf. Philip Gossett, "The Mensural System and the *Choralis Constantinus*," in Robert Marshall (ed.), *Studies in Renaissance and Baroque Music in Honor of Arthur Mendel* (Kassel and Hackensack: Bärenreiter Verlag and Joseph Boonin, 1974), 71–107.

¹⁸Edgard Varèse, "The Liberation of Sound," in Benjamin Boretz and Edward T. Cone (eds.), *Perspectives on American Composers* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1971), 32.

¹⁹"On Record: Christopher Hogwood," 89.

²⁰"On Historical Authenticity," 341.

²¹"Pedantry or Liberation," 27.

²²They include three studio recordings: 1928 (with a Paris pickup ensemble), 1940 (with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York), 1960 (with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra); a piano roll (Paris: Pleyela, c. 1925); and a live performance (the last he would ever conduct of this work) with the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, recorded on 24 September 1961 and issued on Discocorp RR-224 (with rehearsal sequences).

²³Three Types of Spring Fever (Stravinsky Reviews *The Rite*), in Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, *Retrospectives and Conclusions* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969),

be made either on the basis of one's preferences (in which case the recourse to authority has been entirely spurious), or on the basis of some arbitrary rule (the "Fassung letzter Aufnahme?"), which comes down anyway to an appeal to an authority higher than the composer's. But all that is really beside the point. I continue to maintain that composers do not usually have intentions such as we would like to ascertain, and that the need obliquely to gain the composer's approval for what we do bespeaks a failure of nerve, not to say an infantile dependency. The appeal to intentions is an evasion of the performer's obligation to understand what he is performing. It is what Wimsatt and Beardsley, at the conclusion of their immortal (if usually misunderstood) "Intentional Fallacy," called "consulting the oracle."²⁴

Now compare Wanda Landowska: "If Rameau himself would rise from his grave to demand of me some changes in my interpretation of his *Dauphine*, I would answer, 'You gave birth to it; it is beautiful. But now leave me alone with it. You have nothing more to say; go away!'"²⁵ No consulting the oracle for her! But would the oracle demand to be consulted? In essay 1 I gave copious examples from the literature and from my own experience to show that "once the piece is finished, the composer regards it and relates to it either as a performer if he is one, or else simply as a listener." To the examples cited there from Irving Berlin, Debussy, and Elliott Carter, I should like to add some comments George Perle voiced in private conversation. After recalling occasions on which he had edited or modified his compositions to reflect some of the better performances of them that he had heard, he reflected that the relationship between composer and performer is "a complicated business" that performers who do not work directly with composers are unlikely to understand. The greatest single source of bad performance, he averred, is literalism, adding, "It's what you expect nowadays."

But whatever we may make of these examples, the fact remains that the whole matter of intentions is just a red herring, and cannot be used as a way of characterizing "authenticity." For adherents to the point of view we are dissecting here have no unique claim in the matter of fidelity to the composer's intentions. Everyone claims it.

123–30 (performances by Karajan, Boulez, Craft); "Spring Fever: A Review of Three Recent Recordings of *The Rite of Spring*," in Igor Stravinsky, *Themes and Conclusions* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1982), 234–41 (performances by Boulez, Mehta, and his own of 1960).

²⁴W. K. Wimsatt, Jr., and Monroe C. Beardsley, "The Intentional Fallacy," *Sewanee Review* (1946): 468–88; very widely anthologized, e.g., in Hazard Adams (ed.), *Critical Theory Since Plato* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 1971), 1015–22; Frank A. Tillman and Steven M. Cahn (eds.), *Philosophy of Art and Aesthetics* (New York: Harper and Row, 1969), 657–69.

²⁵Landowska *On Music*, ed. Denise Restout (New York: Stein and Day, 1981), 407.

Landowska, in the very same essay that contains her defiant retort to Rameau, gave the following as her answer to the rhetorical question, "On what do I base my interpretations?"

By living intimately with the works of a composer I endeavor to penetrate his spirit, to move with an increasing ease in the world of his thoughts, and to know them "by heart" so that I may recognize immediately when Mozart is in good humor or when Handel wants to express triumphant joy. I want to know when Bach is raging and throwing a handful of sixteenths at the face of some imaginary adversary or a flaming spray of arpeggios, as he does in *The Chromatic Fantasy*. The goal is to attain such an identification with the composer that no more effort has to be made to *understand the slightest of his intentions* or to follow the subtlest fluctuations of his mind.²⁶

Bruno Walter, in his "Notes on Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*," continually emphasizes his "endeavors to be faithful to Bach's intentions"²⁷—often as a justification for his departures from eighteenth-century performance practice. More recently, the harpsichordist Kenneth Cooper, representing the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in its much-advertised joint appearance with Christopher Hogwood's Academy of Ancient Music in September 1984, admonished an interviewer in a televised intermission feature with the remark that "We're no less concerned with Bach's intentions than Chris is."

The difference between the point of view represented here by Landowska, Walter, and Cooper, and what from here on I shall in desperation call the "authentistic" point of view (authentistic being to authentic as Hellenistic was to Hellenic), is that the former construes intentions "internally," that is, in spiritual, metaphysical, or emotional terms, and sees their realization in terms of the "effect" of a performance, while the latter construes intentions in terms of empirically ascertainable—and hence, though tacitly, external—facts, and sees their realization purely in terms of sound. Walter speaks explicitly of the performer's responsibility to gain "intimate knowledge of the spiritual content of Bach's compositions," while Landowska said, "Little do I care if, to attain the proper effect, I use means that were not exactly those available to Bach."²⁸ The difference, to put matters in historical perspective, is that between idealism on the one hand, which recognizes a sharp distinction between content and form and between spirit and letter, and positivism

²⁶Landowska *On Music*, 406 (italics added).

²⁷Bruno Walter, *Of Music and Music-Making*, trans. Paul Hamburger (New York: W.W. Norton, 1961), 183.

²⁸Landowska *On Music*, 356.

on the other, which denies the existence of any but sensory experience, and hence any knowledge not based on sensory data. To a positivist content is a function of form, spirit a function of letter. Content and spirit as concepts in themselves are illusions born of reifying subjective sensation.

Both of these viewpoints go back to the nineteenth century—under different names, of course, they go back to the Greeks—and both are still with us today, though clearly the positivists are wielding the bigger guns. There seems to be a wall of misunderstanding between them. Howard Mayer Brown surely misconstrues Landowska when he says, with reference to the passage just cited, that she “believed more strongly in her own personal understanding of the music and her commitment to it than in any more dispassionate quest for what the composer would have wanted or expected.”²⁹ As we have seen, she believed she had reached a point of identification with the composers she played that was so close that she could divine what they wanted and expected, though she did not think of these desires and expectations primarily (“merely,” she would have said) in terms of sound. When she says “the proper effect,” she means “the effect intended by Bach,” pure if not so simple.

Early in her career Landowska wrote an essay on transcriptions as intransigent as any modern textualist or authenticist might be today. And just like today's writers, she began by taking aim at her predecessors. She quoted Hans von Bülow: “The harpsichord works of Bach are the Old Testament; Beethoven's Sonatas the New. We must believe in both.” And then she commented: “While saying that, he added several bars to the *Chromatic Fantasy*, changed the answer of the Fugue, and doubled the basses; thus he impregnated this work with an emphatic and theatrical character. A true believer must not change anything in the New or the Old Testament.”³⁰ Yet if we compare her recorded performance of the *Chromatic Fantasy* (see Appendix, Recording No. 1) with one by a present-day authenticist, we shall, many of us, be tempted to level the same strictures at her as she leveled at von Bülow (listen, particularly, to her renditions of the passages in block chords that carry the laconic instruction, “*arpeggio*”). But if this means we misunderstand her now, she would have had a hard time understanding us as well. She would have wondered, for one thing, what anything “dispassionate” had to do with art.

The wall of misunderstanding was evident in the Kenneth Cooper–Christopher Hogwood TV exchange, too, even though the participants affected comradely agreement. Cooper, responding to the inter-

²⁹“Pedantry or Liberation,” 39.

³⁰Landowska on Music, 101.

viewer's remarks on historical evidence as justifier of performance practice, said: “It should be remembered about history . . . that what we know about history was only a small part of what was done, so that when we represent what we know about it, we are distorting it; and therefore to try and fill in a little of the creative energy—even if it's not exactly the same creative energy (because we'll never know what that is)—[helps us in] getting closer to a fuller picture.” For Cooper, then, to realize Bach's intentions one needs not only knowledge but a vital impetus born of intuition to fill the gaps between the facts. This alone can convert knowledge into action.

To this Hogwood rejoined: “That's the wonderful thing, I think, about coming across new versions of pieces or new evidence. Suddenly that gives you this extra energy: ‘Ah, a new set of instructions for embellishment . . . ah, wonderful!’” No *élan vital* here. What enables action on this view is a green light from the boss. The gaps between the facts can only be filled by new facts. Gaps will ever remain.

As I have suggested, the positivist viewpoint is ascendant today—obviously so among authenticists. One tends to patronize the idealistic viewpoint for naively confusing subject with object and for its mystical reliance on illusory nonknowledge. What a variety of sins such thinking may rationalize, we are apt to say today. Yet as essay 13 illustrates in detail, the positivistic viewpoint can lead to positions just as ludicrous and untenable, and just as potentially mischievous.

In any event, fidelity to something as malleably open to interpretation as the composer's intentions cannot be used as a yardstick by which the value of a performance may be measured, and it is not in professions of such fidelity that the unique essence of authenticist performance resides. Perhaps that essence can be located in the domain of hardware—in the “original instruments” we prize. But this can only be the case in so far as historical verisimilitude is the validator; and we have seen that that extent is not nearly as far as is often imagined. Besides, I sometimes wonder whether the craze for “original instruments” has anything much to do with historicism at all. One prominent advocate of “historical performance” (his term) for nineteenth-century music had this to say about an “original instruments” recording of the *Missa Solemnis*:

I would be hard pressed to point up any significant difference between the vocal styles applied here and those in any of a half dozen representative modern recordings. There is something specious about arguing for instrumental authenticity while largely ignoring the vocal domain. It is certainly true that we know less about vocal techniques

and performance styles in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries than we do about instrumental performance. But that is no reason to abandon the search.³¹

Many, I'm sure, would wish to debate the contention advanced here about the relative state of knowledge. But that is beside my point. What chiefly interests me is the idea that an indispensable earnest of authenticity is strangeness. Let us not abandon the search, the critic admonishes, simply because we have little idea of what we are searching for. He wants change, though he knows not what change he wants. Make it different, he seems to be saying, because difference is what counts. Make It New.

Who said that before? Why, Ezra Pound, of course, in the title to a testamentary book of essays, in its day a bible of modernism. And now we have come at last to the nub and essence of authentic performance, as I see it. It is modern performance.

II

This may take a deal of explaining, since the vocabulary of conventional criticism opposes modern performance to what I propose calling by that name. Yet the ideal of authentic performance grew up alongside modernism, shares its tenets, and will probably decline alongside it as well. Its values, its justification, and, yes, its authenticity, will only be revealed in conjunction with those of modernism. Historical verisimilitude, composers' intentions, original instruments, and all that, to the extent that they have a bearing on the question, have not been ends but means; and in most considerations of the issue they have been smoke screens. To put my thesis in a nutshell, I hold that "historical" performance today is not really historical; that a specious veneer of historicism clothes a performance style that is completely of our own time, and is in fact the most modern style around; and that the historical hardware has won its wide acceptance and above all its commercial viability precisely by virtue of its novelty, not its antiquity.

In essay I I raised the matter of modernism tangentially, chiefly in connection with the ideal of impersonality—"depersonalization" to use T. S. Eliot's word—that links modernist thinking to the values implicit in authentic performance. Both regard the individual "as he is at the moment"—that is, as an ephemeral carbon-based, oxygen-breathing organism soon to expire, decay, and disappear, and who is

³¹Robert Winter, "The Emperor's New Clothes: Nineteenth-Century Instruments Revisited," *Nineteenth-Century Music* 7 (1984): 255.

prey to all the mundane subjective pleasures and pains that flesh is heir to—as a thing of no consequence. Eliot's envoi to what he called "the responsible person interested in poetry," reads as follows:

To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim: for it would conduce to a juster estimation of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is an expression of *significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.³²

For a gloss on this beautifully gnomic text let us turn to Pound's *Make It New*, which, its title notwithstanding, consists mainly of studies of very old poetry, from the Troubadours to the Elizabethans. Under the heading of "A Few Dont's" for poets, we find this:

Consider the way of the scientists rather than the way of an advertising agent for a new soap.

The scientist does not expect to be acclaimed as a great scientist until he has *discovered* something. He begins by learning what has been discovered already. He goes from that point onward. He does not bank on being a charming fellow personally. He does not expect his friends to applaud the results of his freshman class work. Freshmen in poetry are unfortunately not confined to a definite and recognizable class room. They are "all over the shop." Is it any wonder "the public is indifferent to poetry?"³³

What is only personal is irrelevant. What is sought is a contribution of something valuable to the common wealth of art. And that means becoming well acquainted with that common wealth, which in turn means knowing history, or, in Eliot's terms, possessing "the historical sense," defined as "what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time," and what impels him toward the "extinction of personality."³⁴

It is no accident that both Eliot's maxims and Pound's were written during the First World War, the convulsion that truly ended

³²"Tradition and the Individual Talent," in Frank Kermode (ed.), *Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Farrar Straus and Giroux, 1975), 44.

³³Ezra Pound, *Make It New* (London: Faber and Faber, 1934), 339.

³⁴Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," 38, 40.

the nineteenth century and posed a hitherto inconceivable threat to all security and stability, whether of individual lives or of Culture and Civilization writ large. Refuge in order and precision, hostility to subjectivity, to the vagaries of personality, to whatever passes and decays—these were the inevitable reactions of all who were committed to the preservation of the high culture. The threat has only intensified since the days of Eliot and Pound, and high modernism has become even more intransigent, objectivist, elitist, and fearful of individual freedom of expression, which leads inexorably to the abyss. Examples can be found everywhere. A convenient one has appeared in the newspaper on the day I happen to be writing this. Lincoln Kirstein, comrade of Balanchine and sometime collaborator with Stravinsky, takes up the cudgels against “postmodernism,” the code for whatever beleaguers the high culture today, with an attack on Isadora Duncan, dead these sixty years. She it is who, by personifying and glorifying the “exposure of a private personage’s unique sensibility,” led the way to the depravity of the present moment, when “exquisite care in craftsmanship, elegant spareness, historic obligation and humane responsibility are conveniently ignored by a generation of dance dilettantes.” Isadora’s legacy, writes Kirstein, “was reputation, not repertory.” She was the antithesis of Nijinsky, whose “intense personifications used the broad language of a received academic vocabulary” and whose “‘self’ remains mysterious.” The peroration is borrowed from Saint Augustine: “I understand with complete certainty that what is subject to decay is inferior to that which is not, and without hesitation I placed that which cannot be harmed above that which can, and I saw that what remains constant is better than that which is changeable.”³⁵

We might already wish to draw an analogy with authentic performance, which upholds a comparable goal—to arrest the decay of the music of the past by reversing the changeable vagaries of taste and restoring it to a timeless constancy. This would be a facile analogy, and one that accepted at face value what I hope I have shown to be a specious, or at least a debatable claim.

Let us instead press on. Shortly after I drew my first parallels between authentic performance and modernist aesthetics, an extremely clever article by Daniel Leech-Wilkinson appeared in *Early Music*, as part of that journal’s symposium on “The Limits of Authenticity.” As a result of an experiment in which pairs of recordings (one authentic, the other not) encompassing a wide range of repertory (from plainchant to Schubert) were compared, the author was able to report that

³⁵Lincoln Kirstein, “The Curse of Isadora,” *New York Times* (Sunday, 23 Nov. 1986), sec. 2, 1, 28.

in every case . . . the stylistic contrast between the earlier and the “authentic” performance is essentially the same. The earlier performance—in accordance with the fashions of its time—shows greater variation of dynamics, speed and timbre, amounting to a performance which is more “emotional,” more a personal “interpretation” of what the performers believe the composer to be “saying,” while the more recent, “authentic” performance is characterized by relatively uniform tempo and dynamics, a “clean” sound and at least an attempt to avoid interpretive gestures beyond those notated or documented as part of period performance practice. In a nutshell, the difference is that between performer as “interpreter” and performer as “transmitter.”

Leech-Wilkinson concluded that “the remarkable uniformity of approach which dominates early music performance . . . is nothing more than a reflection of current taste.”³⁶

I believe these observations may be considerably extended. For the most part, Leech-Wilkinson compared recordings of the 1950s and 1960s with recordings of the 1970s and 1980s. Had he compared recordings of the 1920s and 1930s with those in his earlier group, his conclusions would have been substantially the same, as they would have been were he to have compared early “electrics” with turn-of-the-century acoustic discs. Moreover, what he found to be true of performances involving repertory falling under the general—and ever-expanding—umbrella of “Early Music” would have been equally true of performances of virtually any repertory, including current repertory. Modern performance gets modern and modern, as Alice might say. Many who have made the comparison will tell you that Gary Graffman’s Prokofiev, for example, sounds more like Prokofiev than Prokofiev’s (ditto Sándor’s Bartók or Tacchino’s Poulenc). Changes in performing style in the twentieth century, no less than in past centuries, have been allied with changes in composing style, and with more general changes in aesthetic and philosophical outlook. Changes of this kind moreover, are never sudden, always gradual. To contemporaries, all periods are transitional and pluralistic. A multiplicity of styles is always available in any present, of which some are allied more with the past and others with the future. Only when the present becomes the past and the future becomes the present can we see which was which.

For a forcible reminder of this, we can listen today to Bach’s Fifth Brandenburg Concerto, recorded at the Salzburg Festival in the Bach bicentennial year, 1950, by Willi Boskovsky on violin, Gustav Neidermayer on flute, and the string section of the Vienna Philharmonic under Wilhelm Furtwängler, who also plays the piano solo (Appendix,

³⁶*Early Music*, 12 (1984): 14.

Recording No. 2a). It seems incredible that this performance happened so recently. It visits us now like the ghost of Jacob Marley, weighted down by generations of accrued tradition (some might wish to continue the Marley metaphor and call them accrued misdeeds), made crushingly palpable in Furtwängler's unforgettably ham-fisted continuo chords, banged out at full Bechstein blast with left hand *coll'ottava*. By comparison, any performance we may hear today will seem virtually weightless, reminding us of Karl Marx's definition of the modern experience as one in which "all that is solid melts into air."³⁷ This is Bach interpreted by a musician who still regarded Bach as Beethoven did—"not a brook but an ocean," and the fountainhead of contemporary music. The performance is a kind of sacramental act, a communion that renews contact with the source and strengthens the "perception, not only of the pastness of the past but of its presence . . . a sense of the timeless as well as the temporal and of the timeless and the temporal together," of which Eliot wrote in 1917. It embodies not an ahistorical vision of Bach, as we might be inclined to call it before reflecting, but the very opposite: a profoundly historical one in which the present actively participates. The pastness of the present is as much implied by it as the presence of the past. "Whoever has approved this idea of order will not find it preposterous," wrote Eliot, "that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past," and this because

what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new . . . work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new.³⁸

So Furtwängler's Bach is no smug or mindless adaptation of Bach to the style of Wagner. It is a reaffirmation of the presence of Bach *in* Wagner and the simultaneous, reciprocal presence of Wagner in Bach. Without that perception, and its affirmation in the art of performance, Bach would fall out of the tradition, and so, deprived of their fount, would Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner. All would become alien to all; the center would cease to hold.

³⁷Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Manifesto of the Communist Party* (1848), trans. Samuel F. Moore, in *Introduction to Contemporary Civilization in the West*, 2, 3rd edn. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1961), 683–84.

³⁸Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," 38–39.

Artists who feel themselves heir to tradition in this way have a very exigent sense of canon. What is canonical is kin; what is not is alien. For German musicians of Furtwängler's generation, Bach was canonical but Handel was not. Schoenberg, who possessed these perceptions and was possessed by them to a rare degree—and who, according to his biographer, "was furious if one mentioned Handel in the same breath as Bach"³⁹—made a "free transformation" of one of Handel's Concerti Grossi, Op. 6, that illustrates perfectly what Adorno (who hated the very idea of what we now call "authenticity") meant by calling the arrangements of Schoenberg and Webern "loyal . . . in being disloyal."⁴⁰ By violating every aspect of its sound and structure, Schoenberg sought to give Handel's music an "intensification of motival development," and especially a "solidity of form" that would prevent it from melting into air. By remedying an "insufficiency with respect to thematic invention and development [that] could satisfy no sincere contemporary of ours,"⁴¹ Schoenberg sought to save at least this work of Handel's for the canon. The resulting "Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra" was a rather extreme example of "the alteration of the past by the present." Webern's arrangement of the six-part Ricercar from the *Musical Offering*, of course, was another.

It would be a great mistake to call either Furtwängler's or Schoenberg's approaches naive. What can make them appear so is the fact that they rely on a sense of continuity—hence direct transmission—of tradition that many in the twentieth century believe to be lost. Eliot stated this sense of loss—or perhaps we should say, of rejection—quite explicitly, and in this rejection lies the challenge and the curse of modernism.

If the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, "tradition" should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour.⁴²

Eliot was attempting an end run around the age of Romanticism and its catastrophic disorders. "It was romanticism that made the

³⁹H. H. Stuckenschmidt, *Arnold Schoenberg: His Life, World and Work*, trans. Humphrey Searle (New York: Schirmer Books, 1978), 365.

⁴⁰Theodor W. Adorno, "Bach Defended against His Devotees," in *Prisms*, trans. Samuel and Shierry Weber (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1981), 146.

⁴¹Arnold Schoenberg, program note for Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles, reprinted on sleeve of Columbia ML 4406 (1951).

⁴²Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," 38.

revolution," wrote T. E. Hulme, who would die on the battlefields of Flanders in 1917. "They [who] hate the revolution . . . hate romanticism."⁴³ His "they," of course, meant "we." In Hulme's view, Romanticism was the culminating phase of humanism, that fatal hubris "which is the opposite of the doctrine of original sin: the belief that man as a part of nature was after all something satisfactory." He went on:

The change which Copernicus is supposed to have brought about is the exact contrary of the fact. Before Copernicus, man was not the centre of the world; after Copernicus he was. You get a change from a certain profundity and intensity to that flat and insipid optimism which, passing through its first stage of decay in Rousseau, has finally culminated in the state of slush in which we have the misfortune to live.⁴⁴

That slush seeped into art through an excess of "vitality," Hulme's term for a view of art that equates its beauty with its power to evoke a pleasurable empathy:

Any work of art [of this kind] we find beautiful is an objectification of our own pleasure in activity, and our own vitality. The worth of a line or form consists in the value of the life which it contains for us. Putting the matter more simply we may say that in this art there is always a feeling of liking for, and pleasure in, the forms and movements to be found in nature.⁴⁵

And human nature above all.

Like Eliot, and like his mentor Wilhelm Worringer,⁴⁶ Hulme chose all his examples from the visual arts or literature, where there is no problem defining the natural forms and movements that serve as models for art. But explicit statements of a vitalistic aesthetic of music are far from uncommon. Hanslick, though an early and implacable opponent of such a view, nevertheless summed it up well when he admitted the analogy (to him a misleading analogy and irrelevant to what is beautiful in music) between the dynamic properties of music—"the ideas of intensity waxing and diminishing; of motion hastening and lingering"—and the "forms" with which emotion pre-

⁴³"Romanticism and Classicism," in T. E. Hulme, *Speculations: Essays on Humanism and the Philosophy of Art*, ed. Herbert Read (London: Routledge, 1924), 115.

⁴⁴Hulme, "Modern Art and Its Philosophy," in *Speculations*, 80.

⁴⁵*Ibid.*, 85.

⁴⁶See his *Abstraktion und Einfühlung* (Munich, 1908); a sizeable extract from the introduction to this work, which furnished Hulme with his thesis, may be found (trans. M. Bullock) in Francis Francina and Charles Harrison (eds.), *Modern Art and Modernism: A Critical Anthology* (New York: Harper and Row, 1982), 150–64.

sents itself to our consciousness.⁴⁷ Later writers have formulated the idea in more general terms. Susanne Langer's way of putting it is that music reflects "the morphology of feeling,"⁴⁸ or, more loosely (after Carroll C. Pratt), that music may "sound the way moods feel." Even so recent a writer as Roger Sessions adhered to the notion, and expressed it more sweepingly than anyone else I have read: "What music conveys to us—and let it be emphasized, this is the *nature of the medium* itself, not the consciously formulated purpose of the composer—is the nature of our existence, as embodied in the movement that constitutes our innermost life: those inner gestures that lie behind not only our emotions, but our every impulse and action, which are in turn set in motion by these, and which in turn determine the ultimate character of life itself."⁴⁹

None of the musical writers I have just quoted were professed vitalists, rather the contrary. They were all more or less opposed to the prevalent layman's notion of music as a "language of emotions," or a medium for concrete propositional expression. The vital quality they all point to is a potentiality that may or may not be harnessed (legitimately or otherwise) by a composer or performer. Any music that does seek to harness it will perforce emphasize the qualities to which Hanslick drew attention—the dynamic qualities of music, as expressed in fluctuations of tempo and intensity. That is why Romantic music—and Romantic performance practice—are more richly endowed than any other kind with crescendos and diminuendos, accelerandos and ritardandos, not to mention tempo rubato and a highly variegated timbral palette.

For a vitalist interpretation of Bach one could do no better than Furtwängler's rendition of the harpsichord "cadenza" in the first movement of the Fifth Brandenburg (Appendix, Recording No. 2a). It would be ridiculous to call it a "modern" performance. By 1950 it was already an anachronism, conclusive evidence that the performer had reached his artistic maturity before the First World War. That nobody plays Bach like Furtwängler any more goes without saying. But does anyone play Schumann like that any more? Chopin? Tchaikovsky?

Or consider Leopold Stokowski's interpretation of the opening of the Fifth Brandenburg (Appendix, Recording No. 2b). The presence of the harpsichord in this performance ought to show how far the use of "original instruments" will assure "authenticity." Stokowski had also reached his majority by the time of the First World War, and he was

⁴⁷Eduard Hanslick, *The Beautiful in Music*, trans. Gustav Cohen (Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1957), 23.

⁴⁸*Philosophy in a New Key* (New York: Mentor Books, 1948), 193.

⁴⁹*Questions About Music* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1971), 45.

also brought up in an atmosphere where "vitalist" performance of all repertoires was the norm. And yet in this recording, made in 1961, an elephantine allargando at the end of the first ritornello has become less an expressive gesture than a purely formal one—or, to use a word that was being derided by some literary critics as "sanctified"⁵⁰ before I was born (so when will we musicologists wise up?), it has become a "structural" device of an offensively didactic kind, and the performance therefore is of a kind I believe we can all agree to call "mannered"—and doubly anachronistic, because it has lost its connection with the vitalistic aesthetic that had provided its justification.

To vitalist art (still following Worringer) Hulme opposed "geometrical" art, the kind which, he predicted, was going to gain ascendancy in the twentieth century. His superb description and account of it deserves to be quoted at some length:

It most obviously exhibits no delight in nature and no striving after vitality. Its forms are always what can be described as stiff and lifeless. . . . [It embodies] the *tendency to abstraction*.

What is the nature of this tendency? What is the condition of mind of the people whose art is governed by it?

It can be described most generally as a feeling of separation in the face of outside nature.

While a naturalistic art is the result of a happy pantheistic relation between man and the outside world, the tendency to abstraction, on the contrary, occurs in races whose attitude to the outside world is the exact contrary of this. . . .

In art this state of mind results in a desire to create a certain abstract geometrical shape, which, being durable and permanent, shall be a refuge from the flux and impermanence of outside nature. The need which art satisfies here, is not the delight in the forms of nature, which is a characteristic of all vital arts, but the exact contrary. In the reproduction of natural objects there is an attempt to purify them of their characteristically living qualities in order to make them necessary and immovable. The changing is translated into something fixed and necessary. This leads to rigid lines and dead crystalline forms, for pure geometrical regularity gives a certain pleasure to men troubled by the obscurity of outside appearance. The geometrical line is something absolutely distinct from the messiness, the confusion, and the accidental details of existing things.⁵¹

Hulme's examples of "races" that inclined toward geometrical art included "primitive people," who "live in a world whose lack of order and seeming arbitrariness must inspire them with a certain fear"; but

⁵⁰Cf. Robert Penn Warren, "Pure and Impure Poetry" (1942), in John Crowe Ransom (ed.), *The Kenyon Critics* (Cleveland and New York: World Publishing, 1951), 33.

⁵¹Hulme, *Speculations*, 85–87.

also the Egyptian, the Byzantine, and the postclassical pre-Renaissance Western civilization, all of them intent on an afterlife and hence full of religious contempt for the natural world. He did not mention—because, in an essay entitled "Modern Art" he did not need to—his own contemporaries, traumatized and dislocated first by the Industrial Revolution, then by war and political upheaval. As Yeats put it, "Nature, steel-bound or stone-built in the nineteenth century, became a flux where man drowned or swam."⁵² Forster, less metaphorically, called it "this continual flux even in the hearts of men."⁵³ The feeling these images described was the great twentieth-century abjectness, the sense of "withdrawal, marginality, parasitism, and opposition—what we now call alienation."⁵⁴ Translate withdrawal into Latin roots and you get abstraction.

Escape from the flux led many early twentieth-century artists to primitive and archaic art, which shared the geometrical quality Hulme described: recall Picasso and his African ritual masks, or Pound and his Medieval poetry with its literally fixed forms. The great labor Eliot spoke of in connection with attaining to Tradition involved the deliberate seeking of points of contact with the Necessary and the Immovable, a determined quest to recover what in another essay Hulme called the "dry hardness which you get in the classics."⁵⁵ All of this resonates with some famous passages in Stravinsky's *Poetics of Music*, as where the great paradigmatic musical modernist avers that "the artist imposes a culture upon himself" and that "tradition results from a conscious and deliberate acceptance."⁵⁶ And you can be sure that it is to Stravinsky that we shall return.

But first let us return to Bach. A comparison of the beginnings of five different recordings of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto, recorded over a fifty-year period from 1935 to 1985 (see Appendix, Recordings 2c–g), will show the changeover from the vital to the geometrical in twentieth-century performance practice. They display their individual uniquenesses and mutual differences, to be sure, but what they all have spectacularly in common is a fundamentally inelastic approach to those very dynamic properties that were so richly and purposely varied by Furtwängler. They all differ from Furtwängler's rendition infinitely more than they differ among themselves; the transition

⁵²W. B. Yeats, "Introduction," *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* (London, 1936), xxviii.

⁵³E. M. Forster, *Howards End* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1941), 143.

⁵⁴Roger Shattuck, "Catching Up with the Avant-Garde," *New York Review of Books* (18 December 1986): 66.

⁵⁵Hulme, *Speculations*, 126–27.

⁵⁶Igor Stravinsky, *Poetics of Music*, trans. Arthur Knodel and Ingolf Dahl (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1947), 56–57.

among them between what we are accustomed to call "modern" performances and authentic ones on "original instruments" is in this context no thing of great moment. The earliest of them, by the Adolf Busch Chamber Orchestra—recorded in 1935 with Busch on violin, Marcel Moyse on flute, and the young Rudolf Serkin on piano—exhibits a bit more variation in loudness than the others (though even here the variations are more between the concertino and the tutti than within either group singly), and its tempo is noticeably slower than the others. The tempo is no less steady, though, which already forces attention away from the music's iconicity—that is, its capacity for analogizing human behaviour and feeling—and on to the reiterative rhythmic patterns, wherein resides music's closest analogy with geometry. The second and third in the sampling are virtually identical in tempo and in levelness of intensity, although the former was made in 1950 (the same year as Furtwängler's!) under Fritz Reiner and the latter was made about a decade and a half later by the Collegium Aureum—one of the earliest on "original instruments" and heavily touted as such in its day. The differing recording ambiances—very dry for Reiner, very live for the Collegium—almost make up for the radical difference in the size of the ensembles: in Reiner's recording there was a ripieno of two players to a part (for a total of ten) in addition to the soloists; in the Collegium Aureum version there were solo ripienists, and the violin soloist was also the first violin of the tutti, so that only seven players in all participated. The last pair of recordings are recent British contributions: the English Concert under Trevor Pinnock (1982) and the Academy of Ancient Music under Christopher Hogwood (1985). Their approach does not differ appreciably from the others, save perhaps in the lightness of tone, though as the performances grow progressively lighter as the sample progresses, lightness as such represents not a departure but rather the opposite. There is another way, however, in which the last pair of recordings do differ from their predecessors: the first three, in common with almost all recordings I have heard, whatever the vintage or the instrumentarium, relax very slightly (often imperceptibly to me without the use of a metronome) for the solo section, while Pinnock and Hogwood inflexibly maintain tempo. In Pinnock's case the players are obviously working at it against what appears to be a natural tendency, so that they actually seem subjectively to rush a bit.

In any case, there can be no disputing the fact that, in terms of Hulme's categories and compared with Furtwängler's performance, these are all of them geometrical renditions, not vitalistic ones, and they become more and more geometrical as they go along. What I do dispute, and emphatically, is that the concept of this style of performance had its origins in historical research or in aspirations toward

historical verisimilitude, let alone respect for the composer's intentions. Wanda Landowska, decrying what she called the "objective" style of performing early music, wrote: "As for Bach, reducing to straightforwardness his involved, ornate and baroque lines would be like transforming a gothic cathedral into a skyscraper."⁵⁷ I don't know about the gothic cathedral, but when she said *skyscraper* she hit the nail on the head. What we have here is a case of what Virgil Thomson called "equalized tensions . . . the basis of streamlining and of all those other surface unifications that in art, as in engineering, make a work recognizable as belonging to our time and to no other."⁵⁸

The historical research came later. Aspirations toward historical verisimilitude and (especially) appeals to the composer's intentions, were special pleading, rationalizations *ex post facto*. Virgil Thomson was under no illusions when he reviewed the performances of Landowska—who, he felt, "plays the harpsichord better than anybody else ever plays anything"⁵⁹—in terms Landowska might have neither recognized nor approved. For him, it was the most modern playing around, precisely because it was the most geometrical. "Her especial and unique grandeur is her rhythm," he declared, after hearing her perform the "*Goldberg*" *Variations* in 1942:

It is modern quantitative scansion at its purest. Benny Goodman himself can do no better. . . . Only in our day, through the dissemination of American and South American popular music, which differs from European in being more dependent on quantitative patterns than on strong pulsations, has a correct understanding of Bach's rhythm been possible and a technique invented for rendering it cleanly and forcibly. . . . The final achievement is a musical experience that clarifies the past by revealing it to us through the present.⁶⁰

So by the time Schoenberg brought out his updated Handel Concerto Grosso, many if not most of his "sincere contemporaries" undoubtedly found it antiquated in concept.

By 1933 most modern musicians were well used to Hulme's categories—if not by his names, then by their own—and knew very well where they stood on the matter. Here is how Stravinsky summed it up in the *Poetics of Music*, relying on an article by his friend Pierre Souvtchinsky (who himself had relied upon Bergson, one of Hulme's mentors):

⁵⁷Landowska *On Music*, 401.

⁵⁸"Modernism Today" (1947), in Virgil Thomson, *Music Reviewed 1940–1954* (New York: Vintage Books, 1967), 233.

⁵⁹Virgil Thomson, *The Musical Scene* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1945), 203.

⁶⁰*Ibid.*, 202.

Mr. Souvtchinsky . . . presents us with two kinds of music: one which evolves parallel to the process of ontological time, embracing and penetrating it, inducing in the mind of the listener a feeling of euphoria and, so to speak, of "dynamic calm." The other kind runs ahead of, or counter to, this process. It is not self-contained in each momentary tonal unit. It dislocates the centers of attraction and gravity and sets itself up in the unstable; and this fact makes it particularly adaptable to the translation of the composer's emotive impulses. All music in which the will to expression is dominant belongs to the second type. . . .

Music that is based on ontological time is generally dominated by the principle of similarity. The music that adheres to psychological time likes to proceed by contrast. To these two principles which dominate the creative process correspond the fundamental concepts of variety and unity. . . . For myself, I have always [!] considered that in general it is more satisfactory to proceed by similarity rather than by contrast. Music thus gains strength in the measure that it does not succumb to the seductions of variety. What it loses in questionable riches it gains in true solidity.⁶¹

True solidity—again the rage against flux and impermanence, the same refuge in fixity and necessity, the same fear of melting into air. I would go so far as to suggest that all truly modern musical performance (and of course that includes the authenticistic variety) treats the music performed as if it were composed—or at least performed—by Stravinsky.

III

If this seems an overly bold assertion, let us ask ourselves where a conductor such as Fritz Reiner, whose 1950 recording of the Fifth Brandenburg we have considered, would have got his very modern ideas about Baroque period style. You can be sure he never read his Dolmetsch. In the 1910s, when Dolmetsch's great guidebook came out, Reiner was in Dresden, hobnobbing with Nikisch, Muck, and Strauss, vitalists to a man, the last-named leaving us, in his compositions and arrangements, ample testimony to an utterly sentimentalized, fairyland vision of the eighteenth century. It must have been from the music of his own time that Reiner (as great musicians do in all periods) formed his ideas about the music of other times. Closely identified with Stravinsky's music in America (he conducted the Metropolitan première of *The Rake's Progress* shortly after recording the Brandenburgs), "*l'amico Fritz*" earned a grudging accolade from the Old Man—no lover of interpreters—in one of the

⁶¹Stravinsky, *Poetics of Music* (Bilingual edn., Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1970), 41, 43.

late books of conversation.⁶² I believe it was Stravinsky who taught Reiner—and the rest of us—about Bach the geometrist, as it may have been Landowska—whom he heard as early as 1907—who taught Stravinsky.

The best theoretical formulation of the twentieth-century "geometrical" Bach style our recordings have documented can be found in Edward T. Cone's treatise on *Musical Form and Musical Performance*:

Certainly the style of . . . the age of Bach and Handel is most memorably characterized by an important rhythmic feature: the uniformity of its metrical pulse. This is in turn but one facet of a regularity that pervades the texture of the music. As a result the typical movement of this period is indeed a *movement*, i.e., a piece composed in a single unvarying tempo. . . . Even when a movement juxtaposes two or more such units in clearly contrasted tempos, there is often an underlying arithmetical relation that, if observed in performance, unifies them. In this music, events of the same kind tend to happen either at the same rate of speed, or at precisely geared changes of rate. . . . In the best of this music, the contrapuntal texture, either actual or implied, sets up a hierarchy of events, each proceeding at its own rate, yet all under a strict metric control that extends from the entire phrase down to the smallest subdivision of the beat. . . . The beats seem to form a pre-existing framework that is independent of the musical events that it controls. One feels that before a note of the music was written, the beats were in place, regularly divided into appropriate sub-units, and regularly combined into measures; and that only after this abstract framework was in place, so to speak, was the music composed on it. . . . In performance, the result should be a relative equalization of the beats.⁶³

The first point to observe about this fascinating document of twentieth-century taste is that it is profoundly antihistorical. What is presented as a self-evident feature of baroque music and an evaluation of its equally self-evident importance for determining the essential nature of baroque style is in fact a set of opinions uncorroborated by any contemporary witness. In fact, these are points no seventeenth- or eighteenth-century theorist or treatise writer ever made, to my knowledge. With respect to Bach, they can be traced back no further than Virgil Thomson and his "modern quantative scansion." In the second place we may note the close congruence between Cone's description of temporal and metrical regularity and Stravinsky's description of "a music based on ontological time." The critic pronounces the same positive value judgement on it as the composer:

⁶²*Themes and Conclusions*, 225.

⁶³Edward T. Cone, *Musical Form and Musical Performance* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1968), 59, 62, 70.

there is even the suggestion of the old "refuge from flux and impermanence" when Cone speaks of the abstract framework that preexists (and, implicitly, outlasts) the individual composition. Where Cone actually goes even further than Thomson or Stravinsky is where he claims that the greater the pervasiveness of regularized metrical pulse at multiple levels of texture, the better the music is—and this because through the multileveled rhythmic structure a unifying hierarchy is made manifest. Now if "structural" was the sanctified shibboleth of the "new critical" 1930s and 1940s, surely "hierarchy" and "unifying" were the sanctified words of the Schenkerian 1950s and 1960s, at least in academic bastions of logical positivism, among which Cone's alma mater occupied the premier position. This is Bach strictly as viewed through Princetonian eyes.

And this ahistorical viewpoint led Cone into making a downright erroneous prescription for performers: the equalized beat, reminiscent once more of streamlining and skyscrapers. The author elaborates:

We can best understand such metric play if we assume that in this style the primary metric unit is not the measure but the beat. This is not to say that the measure is unreal or purely conventional; but it is only one step in the hierarchical subdivision and combination of beats, which remain the unchanging elements. (Even the Late Baroque is, after all, not so far away from the Renaissance!) . . . Our orientation within the measure should be effected more by the actual musical profile than by applied accentuation (which, after all, was unavailable on two of Bach's favorite instruments).⁶⁴

Harpsichordists and organists who have invested gallons of sweat and tears in learning successfully to belie the concluding canard may smirk or wince at pleasure. But the main point is that had the author actually looked into any Baroque musical primer, from Quantz on down, he would have found precious little about equalized beats, but page upon page about meters and their allied dance rhythms, about prosody, about good notes and bad—in short, about the measure as primary metric unit and the concomitant necessity for applied accentuation. (And it is precisely in this that the late Baroque is in fact light years from the Renaissance!) What Cone describes—and what all the recordings in our batch, from Reiner to Hogwood, exemplify—is a specifically twentieth-century style of Baroque performance that is often linked with a certain invention of Mr. Elias Howe.

But if the sewing-machine style cannot be historically associated with Bach, it can certainly be associated with the "neoclassic" Stra-

⁶⁴Ibid., 66, 70.

vinsky. It is what Stravinsky and his spokesmen at one time called "monometric" rhythm.⁶⁵ Edward Cone's prime exhibit of the hierarchized metrical texture of Baroque music at its best comes from one of the episodes in the first movement of Bach's Concerto in D minor for harpsichord. Simultaneous patterning of steady sixteenths, steady eighths, quarter-note attacks, and syncopated half-note attacks (plus, later, syncopated quarters) does indeed make up an entrancing texture of time (ontological, that is) (Figure 4.1). There is no reason to assume that Bach or his contemporaries thought this fairly mechanistic passage noteworthy, let alone exemplary of the highest qualities of his style; but there can be no doubt that Stravinsky, on the lookout for models of geometrical solidity and equalized tensions, was struck by this very movement (and for the same reasons that Edward Cone was struck)—so struck, in fact, that he modeled the first movement of his Concerto for Piano and Winds on it. One clue of his dependency on this particular movement of Bach's is his adoption of the violinistic *bariolage* effects so uniquely endemic to these two keyboard concertos (the one by Bach obviously a transcription of a lost violin concerto that has been occasionally reconstructed) (Figures 4.2a and 4.2b).

Another is the peroration of Stravinsky's movement, the *Largo del principio*, where he sets up a rigid metrical matrix just like the one Cone admired in Bach, only more complex: sextolets in the piano right hand (beginning note-for-note identical to Bach's sixteenth-note figuration in Figure 4.1), large triplets in the left hand extracted hemiola-fashion from the sextolets by sampling every fourth note, quarter pulsations in the bass instruments, all against a theme in dotted rhythms (Figure 4.3).

Rigidly mechanical metrical structures like this one would characterize a number of influential Stravinsky compositions of the middle 1920s, including the *Sonate* (1924) and *Serenade* (1925) for piano, both of which he recorded—the former on a Duo-Art pianola roll in 1925, the latter on a set of ten-inch electrical discs issued by Columbia in 1934. Stravinsky's performance style gained an enormous prestige among progressive musicians in the 1920s and 1930s,

⁶⁵See Nicolas Nabokov, "Stravinsky Now," *Partisan Review* 11 (1944): 332: "Look at any one of [Stravinsky's] bars and you will find that it is not the measure closed in by bar lines (as it would be in Mozart, for example), but the monometrical unit of the measure, the single beat which determines the life of his musical organism." The term goes back directly to the composer. A sketchbook dated 1919–22, which pertains to some of the earliest "neoclassic" pieces (*Octuor, Sonate*), also contains notations for a set of "Cinq Pièces monométriques." See the description of "Sketchbook G" in John Shepard, "The Stravinsky Nachlass: A Provisional List of Music Manuscripts," *MLA Notes* 40 (1984): 743.

vn. 1
p

vn. 2
p

va.
p

cont.
p

cemb.

Figure 4.1. J. S. Bach, concerto in D minor for harpsicord, I, mm. 28–35

vns.
 va.
 vc.
 cemb.

Figure 4.2a. J. S. Bach, concerto in D minor for harpsichord, I, mm. 148–56

39 ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ *sempre*)

Figure 4.2b shows measures 39 through 43 of Stravinsky's Concerto for Piano and Winds, I. The tempo is marked *sempre* with a quarter note equal to a quarter note. The music is written for piano and winds, featuring complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

Figure 4.2b. Stravinsky, Concerto for Piano and Winds, I, fig. 39

40 Più mosso $\text{♩} = 166$

Figure 4.2c shows measures 40 through 44 of Stravinsky's Concerto for Piano and Winds, I. The tempo is marked *Più mosso* with a quarter note equal to 166. The music is written for piano and winds, featuring complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

41

42

43

44

45 *Maestoso*. $\text{♩} = 48$ (*Largo del principio*)

46

47

48

Figure 4.3. Stravinsky, Concerto for Piano and Winds, I, *Largo del principio*, fig. 45

picc.

fl. 1, 2

ob. 1, 2

c. a.

cl. in A 1, 2

bn.

dbn.

Piano

1, 2

hn.

3, 4

1, 2

tpt.

3

tba.

timp.

db.

più f

più f

più f

ff

ff

ben marc.

ben marc.

mf

mezzo forte

mezzo forte

sempre f

mf (laissez vibrer)

forte

Figure 4.3. (continued)

46

picc.

fl. 1, 2

ob. 1, 2

c. a.

cl. in A 1, 2

bn.

dbn.

46

Piano

1, 2

hn.

3, 4

1, 2

tpt.

3

tbn.

tba.

timp.

db.

simile

etc. sim.

etc. sim.

f

simile

Figure 4.3. (continued)

when he was at the height of his career both as performer and as publicist, not only on behalf of his music, but on behalf of his philosophy of music, too. In newspaper *avertissements*, in pamphlets, in public orations on both sides of the Atlantic, and in his autobiography, Stravinsky propounded a philosophy of "pure music," and the properly "objective" manner of performance required to realize its purity. This he called "execution," and by defining it (in the *Poetics of Music*) as "the strict putting into effect of an explicit will that contains nothing beyond what it specifically commands," Stravinsky invoked the doctrine of quasi-religious fundamentalism alluded to before: what is not permitted is prohibited. "Execution" is contrasted, of course, with "interpretation," that old Stravinskian bugaboo. The whole "sixth lesson" of the *Poetics* is a sustained invective—perhaps exorcism would be an apter word—directed against the bugbear, for as Stravinsky puts it, "it is the conflict of these two principles—execution and interpretation—that is at the root of all the errors, all the sins, all the misunderstandings that interpose themselves between the musical work and the listener and prevent a faithful transmission of its message."⁶⁶ Stravinsky's ideal performer, then, is a "transmitter"—the very term Daniel Leech-Wilkinson used to distinguish authentic performers from their "interpreter" forebears.

Stravinsky permits himself to couch the issue in sternly moralistic terms: "Between the executant . . . and the interpreter . . . there exists a difference in make-up that is of an ethical rather than of an esthetic order, a difference that presents a point of conscience." The point is that of scrupulous fidelity to the letter of the text, and an ascetic avoidance of unspecified nuance in the name of expression, or as Stravinsky stigmatizes it, in the name of "an immediate and facile success that flatters the vanity of the person who obtains it and perverts the taste of those who applaud it."⁶⁷ Worst of all are interpretations based on "extramusical" ideas; these are the real "criminal assaults" and "betrayals."⁶⁸ The highest quality in an executant, on the other hand, is "submission," defined in terms that seem as if borrowed from T. S. Eliot: "This submission demands a flexibility that itself requires, along with technical mastery, a sense of tradition, and, commanding the whole, an aristocratic culture that is not merely a question of acquired learning."⁶⁹ Ultimately Stravinsky boils it down to "good breeding" (*savoir-vivre*)—"a matter of common

⁶⁶*Poetics of Music*, Bilingual edn., 163.

⁶⁷*Ibid.*, 165.

⁶⁸*Ibid.*, 167.

⁶⁹*Ibid.*, 171.

decency that a child may learn." The opposite of good breeding, of course, is vulgarity.

Stravinsky's illustrative example is uncannily pertinent to our present concern:

The Saint Matthew's Passion by Johann Sebastian Bach is written for a chamber-music ensemble. Its first performance in Bach's lifetime was perfectly realized by a total force of thirty-four musicians, including soloists and chorus. That is known. And nevertheless in our day one does not hesitate to present the work, in complete disregard of the composer's wishes, with hundreds of performers, sometimes almost a thousand. This lack of understanding of the interpreter's obligations, this arrogant pride in numbers, this concupiscence of the many, betray a complete lack of musical education.⁷⁰

We need not enter into a debate over the assumptions that inform this paragraph. We need not point to the epistemological difficulties Stravinsky skirts with the bland phrases "perfectly realized," and "the composer's wishes." Nor need we hire a psychologist to investigate what the phrase "concupiscence of the many" would have meant to a Russian aristocrat uprooted by the Bolsheviks. What interests us here is the early enunciation of principles that have become articles of faith in our age of authentic performance: to wit, that the first performance of a work possesses a privileged authority, and that the composer's wishes are to be gauged in material rather than spiritual terms, to be measured, that is, in terms of sound, not "effect," precisely because sound, not effect, is measurable. Stravinsky goes on for the next five paragraphs to discuss the sound qualities of the *St. Matthew Passion*; he never stops to consider its effect, let alone its religious meaning.

It is of course not only noteworthy but inevitable that every instance of exaggeration, distortion, or malfeasance cited by Stravinsky in his lesson on performance ethics has to do with the same dynamic features, the nuances of tempo and intensity, discussed earlier when, using T. E. Hulme's terminology, we distinguished vitalist performance from geometrical. Stravinsky's categories are the same: what Hulme calls vital Stravinsky condemns as interpretation; what Hulme calls geometrical Stravinsky upholds as execution. For both of them the vital is vulgar, the geometrical elite. We may detect an echo of these categories, and also of Stravinsky's faith in the performance medium as guarantor of breeding, when Joseph Kerman tells us that "it is almost impossible to play Mozart emo-

⁷⁰*Ibid.*, 173.

tionally on a modern piano without sounding vulgar."⁷¹ We may put these categories to the test by reference to a pair of recordings. An unabashedly vitalist (vulgar?) performance of the slow movement from Mozart's Sonata for two pianos in D major, K. 448, by Béla and Ditta Bartók (Appendix, Recording No. 4) features any number of tiny, unnotated, and hence (in Stravinskian terms) criminal and treacherous crescendi and diminuendi, accelerandi and ritardandi, and that most heinous of "sins" and "follies," according to Stravinsky's explicit designation in the *Poetics*: "a *crescendo* . . . is always accompanied by a speeding up of movement, while a slowing down never fails to accompany a *diminuendo*."⁷² The recording was made in 1939, the year of Stravinsky's *Poetics*. Not all modern composers shared Stravinsky's ideas on performance, which only goes to show us yet again that all times and places, past and present, are ideologically heterogeneous. On the other hand, Stravinsky's own performance (with his son Soulima) of Mozart's Fugue in C minor, K. 426 (Appendix, Recording No. 4) is execution, pure and simple. You could not hope to find a drier, harder—in a word, more geometrical—performance of any music. You cannot say that the man did not practice what he preached.

It would be absurd to ask which of these two performances is the more authentic, or which is more faithful to Mozart's intentions. And the question would remain equally irrelevant and absurd had the renditions been played on fortepianos instead of modern grands. The difference between them is clearly an aesthetic and an ideological one, historical only to the extent that one exhibits a style of performance we take to be emblematic of nineteenth-century music making, while the other is obviously and wholly of the twentieth century. And we all know which of them lies closer to the norms of "authentic performance" today.

Stravinsky's performance of Mozart's Fugue furnishes a perfect illustration of what Ortega y Gasset called a dehumanized art. The term was not meant to, nor should it, conjure up images of robots or of concentration camps. It meant an art purged of those "human, all too human" elements that to artists in the early twentieth century suggested ephemerality, inconstancy, mortality, in favor of abstract patterns and precisions suggesting transcendence of our muddled vesture of decay. Ortega's word "human," in this narrowly defined context, is once more a cognate to what Hulme had denoted by the word "vital." In his classic essay, "The Dehumanization of Art," first published in 1925, Ortega gave a startlingly complete and prescient

⁷¹*Contemplating Music*, 211.

⁷²*Poetics*, 165.

description of the new twentieth-century aesthetic of what he felt the need pleonastically to dub "artistic art"—"an art for artists and not for the masses, for "quality" and not for hoi polloi."⁷³ It is a description that can be applied equally well to the performance style of new music seventy years ago and that of old music today. His description sounds many notes that have already been heard in our discussion so far: elitism, purism, insistence on scrupulous realization, and what Ortega calls "iconoclasm," that is, literally, the avoidance of iconicity and the kind of facile expressivity the latter often entails. He adds, and properly emphasizes, another dimension, though, one without which our discussion will never be complete. That is the element of demystification and irony. "The new style," he writes, "tends . . . to consider art as play and nothing else, . . . a thing of no transcending consequence."⁷⁴

Beginning at least as far back as Hanslick, writers espousing a modern or anti-Romantic view of art have decried its abuse as an ersatz religion or narcosis. The fundamental mistake, on this view, was to confuse the idea of beauty—the legitimate domain of art, appealing, in Hanslick's words, to "the organ of pure contemplation, our *imagination*"⁷⁵—with that of sublimity, formulated long ago by Longinus with respect to rhetoric, and associated by more recent writers with nature. The sublime consisted in "boldness and grandeur," and manifested itself in "the Pathetic, or power of raising the passions to a violent and even enthusiastic degree," in the words of William Smith, Longinus's eighteenth-century translator, for whom "enthusiasm" meant *intoxication*.⁷⁶ Eighteenth-century writers insisted on carefully distinguishing the sublime from the beautiful. For Edmund Burke they presented "a remarkable contrast," which he detailed as follows:

Sublime objects are vast in their dimensions, beautiful ones comparatively small: beauty should be smooth and polished; the great is rugged and negligent . . . beauty should not be obscure; the great ought to be dark and gloomy: beauty should be light and delicate; the great ought to be solid and even massive. They are indeed ideas of a very different nature, one being founded on pain, the other on pleasure.⁷⁷

⁷³José Ortega y Gasset, *The Dehumanization of Art and Other Essays on Art, Culture and Literature*, trans. Helene Weyl (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968), 12.

⁷⁴*Ibid.*, 14.

⁷⁵Hanslick, *The Beautiful in Music*, 11.

⁷⁶Quoted in Peter le Huray and James Day, *Music and Aesthetics in the Eighteenth and Early-Nineteenth Centuries* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981), 4.

⁷⁷*A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful* (1757), in Le Huray and Day, 70–71.

The history of music in the nineteenth century could be written in terms of the encroachment of the sublime upon the domain of the beautiful—of the "great" upon the pleasant—to the point where for some, with Wagner at their head, the former all but superseded the latter as the defining attribute of the art of tones. Not only that, but for Wagner, who more than any other musician invested his art with aspects of redemptive and ecstatic religion, the sublime was associated particularly with the fluctuant, dynamic aspects of his music—its waxing and waning, its harmonic fluidity, its oceanic, infinitely evolving *forma formans*—and its power and appeal, fundamentally wild and irrational, lay precisely in its "pathetic," intoxicant, and psychically contagious properties. All of this was profoundly repugnant to the early generation of modernists whose thought we have been dissecting. Ortega, speaking on their behalf, proclaimed that "art must not proceed by psychic contagion, for psychic contagion is an unconscious phenomenon, and art ought to be full clarity, high noon of the intellect." And, "aesthetic pleasure must be a seeing pleasure; for pleasures may be blind or seeing."⁷⁸ One thinks of Freud's famous dictum on the goal of psychoanalysis: "Where id was, there ego shall be."

It became a mission for twentieth-century artists to restore the distinction between bright, wide-awake beauty and blind, irrational sublimity, to reserve the former for art, and to give the latter back to life, nature, and religion. In this way neither art nor life would be degraded. Proponents of "die neue Sachlichkeit"—the "new actuality"—attacked the vaunted autonomy of the art work, along with the philosophy that put the creator and his personality at its centre. It is significant that theorists of the new actuality insist once again on the primacy of the ontological over the psychological, and emphasize (here we have perhaps a lingering echo of Futurism) quickness of tempo and mechanical uniformity of movement. Thus Boris Asafiev:

Contemporary life, with its concentration of experience, its capricious rhythms, its cinematographic quality, its madly fast pace—the quality of this life has weaned us away from slow and leisurely contemplation. . . . [In] the field of music . . . responses can be seen in the striving for severity of construction, for clarity of writing, for concentration of the greatest tension within the shortest possible time, for the attainment of the greatest expression with the most economical expenditure of performing forces. As a result, there is a growing contrast in contemporary music between works built on the principle of maximum concentration, economy, and conciseness, and those which dispose their materials in breadth and employ the largest possible number of performers.

⁷⁸Ortega, "The Dehumanization of Art," 27.

The former are notable for emotional and formal conciseness, for intensity of expression. . . . Emotional outpourings and formal breadth characterize the latter. . . . In the first case, the music asserts the dynamics of life; in the second it is ruled by an emotional hypnosis and a sterile hedonism. It is natural, therefore, that the new chamber music should have chosen the first style. . . . It has been unavoidably influenced by the impetuous current of our lives with its resilient rhythms, its flying tempi, and its subordination to the pulse of work. . . . The new chamber style is nearer to the street than to the salon, nearer to the life of public actuality than to that of philosophical seclusion. . . . Its style is essentially dynamic, for it is rooted in the sensations of contemporary life and culture and not merely in personal sentiments and emotions. Its style is energetic, active, and actual, and not reflectively romantic.⁷⁹

This vivid description of an art debunked and off its pedestal was made in connection with Hindemith and Stravinsky.⁸⁰ How well it applies not only to twentieth-century composition, but to twentieth-century performance, will be evident if we return for a moment to the recordings of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto we considered a while ago. The Furtwängler reading can be well described by invoking all the adjectives Burke associated with the sublime: vast, great, rugged, negligent, obscure, solid, massive. It exemplifies Asafiev's categories of slow and leisurely contemplation, emotional hypnosis, and formal breadth. The more recent the later performances, the more closely they conform to the attributes of Asafiev's "new chamber style": resilient rhythms, flying tempi, energy, activity, actuality, clarity, concision, the absence of subjective reflection. The metronome tells part of the story. Every performance described thus far has been as fast or faster than the last (figures give approximate metronome mark for a quarter note):

Furtwängler	c. 72
Stokowski	c. 84
Busch	c. 88
Reiner	c. 94
Collegium Aureum	c. 94
Pinnock	c. 96
Hogwood	c. 98

In addition, the performances grew progressively lighter and more buoyant: from a full symphonic string complement plus soloists (Furtwängler) to a mere half dozen players (Hogwood). Furtwängler

⁷⁹Boris Asafiev, *A Book about Stravinsky* (1926), trans. Richard F. French (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1982), 97–99. Translation slightly adjusted in accordance with the original (Leningrad: Triton, 1929).

⁸⁰The paragraph cited from *A Book about Stravinsky* had originally appeared in the Leningrad journal *Novaya muzyka*, in an article called "The New Chamber Style."

sought to invest the work with an imposing gravity—an importance, in short—of which modern performers have sought just as deliberately to divest it. After Hogwood's rendition, at once the lightest and the quickest, the piece seems ready virtually to blow away, or in Marx's phrase to melt into air.

And with this lightening, both material and spiritual, comes the element of irony, what Ortega called the "ban on all pathos" that inevitably arises as a "first consequence of the retreat of art upon itself." He even goes so far as to say "the modern inspiration . . . is invariably waggish." That may have been going too far, and Ortega immediately retreats a bit: "It is not that the content of the work is comical—that would mean a relapse into a mode or species of the "human" style—but that, whatever the content, the art itself is jesting. To look for fiction as fiction—which . . . modern art does—is a proposition that cannot be executed except with one's tongue in one's cheek."⁸¹

I believe this to be true both of modern creation and modern performance, but to avoid the potential misunderstanding to which Ortega calls attention, I would prefer to view modern irony not as a crisis of seriousness, but as a crisis of sincerity, of speaking truly and in one's own voice. So pervasive has this crisis become for music that a book has been devoted to it, which opens with a very provocative question:

Music is a language. Such, at least, is the implicit assumption, if not the explicit assertion, of many who talk and write about it. . . . For we are told that music has meaning, although no two authorities seem able to agree on what that meaning is. There is consequently a great deal of discussion concerning just what music says and how, indeed, it can say anything. But in all this argument one question is seldom, if ever, asked: If music is a language, then who is speaking?⁸²

This is a question, I submit, that could only have occurred to a musician in the twentieth century. Put to any premodern composer, it would have elicited an unhesitating, if unreflective (and philosophically perhaps untenable) reply: "Why, I am, of course!" And many performers would claim as much, too. The composer Schumann even allowed of the performer Liszt that his art was "not this or that style of pianoforte playing; it is rather the outward expression of a daring character."⁸³ Asked among the modernists, however, Cone's question

⁸¹Ortega, *The Dehumanization of Art*, 47.

⁸²Edward T. Cone, *The Composer's Voice* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1974), 1.

⁸³Quoted in Irving Kolodin (ed.), *The Composer as Listener* (New York: Collier Books, 1962), 262.

would produce a chorus akin to that elicited by the Little Red Hen: "Not I," said the composer; "Not I," said the performer." When art turns back on itself and its human content is denied, there is nothing left to express, as Stravinsky put it so bluntly in his autobiography. After the famous fighting words to the effect that "music, by its very nature, is essentially powerless to *express* anything at all," Stravinsky tried somewhat less successfully to formulate an alternative. Though a murky passage, its preoccupations are clear enough, and familiar: it takes us right back to the ontology of time, and to the idea that the content of art is its form.

The phenomenon of music is given to us with the sole purpose of establishing an order in things, including, and particularly, the coordination between *man* and *time*. To be put into practice, its indispensable and single requirement is construction. Construction once completed, this order has been attained, and there is nothing more to be said.⁸⁴

To ask "who is speaking," then, is to propound an irrelevancy, for it presupposes the existence of a speaker, a ghost in the machine. To the proponent of a dehumanized, geometricized art, literally no one is speaking. There is, I would suggest, no aspect of today's authentic performance practice more pertinent to twentieth-century aesthetics, and none harder to justify on historical grounds, than its ambience of emotional detachment, its distancing of voice from utterance. This is easiest to observe, of course, when actual voices are present, singing words that possess an emotive import that has been embodied in the music. To a vitalist performer such as Otto Klemperer, for example, the Crucifixus of the B minor Mass is a statement about a matter of great human concern, emotionally intensified by Bach's rhetoric of chromaticism, dissonance, and melodic descent. Bach speaks of Christ's suffering and death, and the performers, identifying with Bach and Christ alike, speak directly to the listener out of their experience both lived and musical (Appendix, Recording No. 5a). To a modernist like Johannes Martini (Appendix, Recording No. 5b) the Crucifixus is a musical construction, some elements of which have generic semantic connotations—e.g., the tetrachordal ground bass⁸⁵—and for that very reason may "speak for themselves," independent of the composer, who has not created but merely chosen them and set them in motion, and—needless to say—without any assistance from the executants.

⁸⁴Stravinsky, *An Autobiography* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1962), 54.

⁸⁵Cf. Ellen Rosand, "The Descending Tetrachord: An Emblem of Lament," *Musical Quarterly* 65 (1979): 346–59.

The exceedingly lightweight sonority and quick tempo of Martini's recording further serve the modernist aim of emotional distancing. I am quite convinced that this performance would have occasioned bewilderment on the part of any musician brought up with the doctrine of the affections. Such a musician would indeed have found it waggish. It comes, of course, from an album that advertises its fidelity to historical performance practice. That "performance practice" and expression can be divorced like this is a perfect symptom of modernist irony, and amply confirms Ortega's contention that to modern artists art is "a thing of no consequence."

If there is a historical resonance here, it is with something remoter than Bach and alien to him: we are transported back to the castle at Urbino, where Castiglione's courtiers sat discussing *sprezzatura*, that "certain noble negligence in singing," that marks the true aristocrat.⁸⁶ These sentiments found echo once again at the high tide of the Enlightenment, when Bach had been forgotten. Burney assures us that "music is an innocent luxury, unnecessary indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing";⁸⁷ while for Kant, it "merely plays with sensations."⁸⁸ Modernism has been a new Enlightenment, reacting to the Romantic as its predecessor had reacted to the Baroque. Virgil Thomson echoed Burney and Kant when, voicing what he made bold to call "the only twentieth-century musical aesthetic in the Western world," he asserted that "the only healthy thing music can do in our century is to stop trying to be impressive."⁸⁹ And in an introduction to one of Thomson's books, Nicolas Nabokov sounded off in a similar vein, at the top of his lungs:

In order to become meaningful again music must rid itself of nineteenth-century habits, the clutches of historicism, and its immortality machine. Music should get itself defrocked like present-day priests and nuns who want to serve their community and enjoy life. It should forget

⁸⁶Cf. Baldesar Castiglione, *The Book of the Courtier* (*Il Libro del cortegiano*, 1528), trans. Charles S. Singleton (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1959), 104. The phrase quoted in the text is from Giulio Caccini's *Nuove musiche* of 1601, trans. Piero Weiss, in Piero Weiss and Richard Taruskin (eds.), *Music in the Western World: A History in Documents* (New York: Schirmer Books, 1984), 170. Ultimately the Italian Renaissance insistence on aristocratic detachment derives from Aristotle, who in the *Politics* (Book 8) cautioned that too enthusiastic an involvement with musical performance compromises the status of a "free man."

⁸⁷Charles Burney, *A General History of Music* (1776), ed. Frank Mercer (New York: Dover Books, 1957), vol. 1, 21.

⁸⁸Immanuel Kant, *Critique of Judgment* (1790), trans. J. H. Bernard (New York: Hafner Press, 1951), 171.

⁸⁹Virgil Thomson, "French Music Here" (1941), in *A Virgil Thomson Reader* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1981), 207.

about its nineteenth-century "beatification" (foretold by Goethe and accomplished by Wagner). The composer should stop being a public idol like a TV singer or a cinema actor. He should be again a juggler, a gamester, a trickster, and use all the newly developed techniques for his tricks and games. He should not compose for eternity, but for fleeting occasions and for the fun of it. He should then let his work disappear in Lethe, just as the thousands of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century operas, cantatas, and oratorios have fortunately disappeared. Only musicologists regret their absence.⁹⁰

Surely many if not most of our recorded examples have already illustrated the applicability of these dicta to authenticistic performance, and may begin to suggest a reason for the movement's burgeoning commercial success. The art works of the past, even as they are purportedly restored to their pristine sonic condition, are concomitantly devalued, decanonized, not quite taken seriously, reduced to sensuous play. And as the thousands of ephemerae at which Nabokov sneered have been resurrected, the classics of the repertory have been made to recede into their midst. Adorno decried this a generation ago, when he complained of the leveling tendency of what he called "objectivist" performances of Bach. "They say Bach, mean Telemann," he thundered at their perpetrators, accusing them of a blind refusal to recognize that "Bach's music is separated from the general level of his age by an astronomical distance."⁹¹ Authenticistic performers do seem determined to close this gap, which, if I may say it without necessarily embracing Adorno's moral indignation, testifies rather conclusively to their modernity.

Indeed, in pursuit of this goal they can go to lengths nowadays such as Adorno never dreamed of. Hogwood's text for the Fifth Brandenburg, for example, is not the standard, canonical one. His recording has sought to restore what is billed on the album as the *Urfassung*, the original version of the set, bringing with it a promise of hitherto unprecedented "authenticity." In practical terms this meant that the concerti were performed not from the text preserved in Bach's famous fair copy dedicated to the Margrave of Brandenburg, but from variant texts preserved in various manuscripts copied in Leipzig after Bach's death, which, to quote Mr. Hogwood's notes, "reveal the earlier forms of the Brandenburg Concertos." By subtle and (in my opinion) devious arguments, the authority of these miscellaneous secondary sources is elevated above that of the fair copy, "which carries a specious authority stemming more from its Dedication and calligraphy than from its value as source material." The two concerti that differ the most

⁹⁰Nicolas Nabokov, "Twentieth-Century Makers of Music," Introduction to Virgil Thomson, *American Music Since 1910* (New York: Holt Rinehart Winston, 1971), xv.

⁹¹"Bach Defended against his Devotees," 145.

under this dispensation from their canonical forms are the First and the Fifth. Mr. Hogwood waxes positively indignant at the poor taste and opportunism that impelled Bach to revise them:

His desire to impress the Margrave with variety above all is apparent, alarmingly in Concerto 1 where the revised version adds a new *concertante* third movement for the *violino piccolo* to a work that opens with a strongly *ripieno* movement; and in Concerto 5, where a harpsichord episode of nineteen bars is inflated out of all proportion to produce what is currently misnamed a "cadenza" of sixty-five bars.⁹²

Let us recall Stravinsky's strictures, quoted above, about the "seductions of variety." In his recording, Mr. Hogwood has rectified Bach's lapse by reinstating the original nineteen-bar solo. Let me suggest that this conglomeration of shallow fireworks and harmonic barbarities, however "in proportion," and however it may conform to the performer's idea of the stylistic norms of its day, is poor music by any standard, and that by replacing it Bach judged it so. As a snapshot of Bach the improviser, it has its human interest to be sure, but it is unfinished composition at best. It is amusing to hear it as a once-only curio, but to offer it as a viable substitute for what Bach offered as representative of his best and most fully elaborated work is manifestly to devalue both that work and the critical sensibility that impelled its revision. Bach is indeed reduced here to the level of Nabokov's transitory gamester and trickster, as is Beethoven in Hogwood's "rhythmical, uncomplicated" renditions. And if I am not succeeding in keeping my indignation at bay, it is because I see here the ultimate perversion of the idea of authenticity: the elevation of what amounts to a rejected draft to the status of a viable alternative—and even a preferable one—because it is earlier, more in keeping with *ex post facto* historical generalizations, and less demanding on the listener. The utter spuriousness of the ploy is revealed in the fact that Hogwood's collection of early drafts is nonetheless being marketed as a rendition—and a particularly authentic one—of "The Brandenburg Concertos," a designation that has meaning only in conjunction with the canonical six in the calligraphic fair copy with dedication.

But even those less offended than I will have to agree that the immoderate reverence for the canon exemplified by Furtwängler and Schoenberg has been replaced by an equally immoderate irony. By being rendered so much less impressive than Furtwängler's, Hogwood's Bach is rendered correspondingly more modern.

⁹²Notes to Oiseau-Lyre 414 187-1 (Bach: Brandenburg Concertos 1-6).

IV

To sum up the argument thus far, I hold that discussions of authentic performance typically proceed from false premises. The split that is usually drawn between "modern performance" on the one hand and "historical performance" on the other is quite topsy-turvy. It is the latter that is truly modern performance—or rather, if you like, the avant-garde wing or cutting edge of modern performance—while the former represents the progressively weakening survival of an earlier style, inherited from the nineteenth century, one that is fast becoming historical. The difference between the two, as far as I can see, is best couched in terms borrowed from T. E. Hulme: nineteenth-century "vital" versus twentieth-century "geometrical." In light of this definition, modern performance, in the sense I use the term, can be seen as modernist performance, and its conceptual and aesthetic congruence with other manifestations of musical modernism stand revealed. What Carl Dahlhaus calls the "postulate of originality" and defines as "the dominant esthetic of [Wagner's] day" is still with us even if Wagner is not, and still decrees that music, both as to the style of its composition and the style of its performance "should be novel in order to rank as authentic."⁹³ When this is understood, it will appear no longer paradoxical but, on the contrary, very much in the nature of things that the same critics who can be counted upon predictably to tout the latterday representatives of High Modernism in music—Carter, Xenakis, Boulez—and who stand ready zealously to defend them against the vulgarian incursions of various so-called postmodernist trends, are the very ones most intransigently committed, as we have already observed, to the use of "original instruments" and all the rest of the "historical" paraphernalia. For we have become prevaricators and no longer call novelty by its right name.

But if the natural alliance between high modernism and authentic performance can be thus readily discerned today, in the period of the senescence and decline of the former (and—who knows?—possibly the latter as well), it is just as conspicuous at the other end of their dual history, when both movements were in their fledgling years. Back in 1914 Ezra Pound wrote this:

I have seen the god Pan and it was in this manner: I heard a bewildering and pervasive music moving from precision to precision within itself. Then I heard a different music, hollow and laughing. Then I looked up and saw two eyes like the eyes of a wood-creature peering at me over a brown piece of wood. Then someone said: Yes, once I was playing a fiddle in the forest and I walked into a wasps' nest.

⁹³*The New Grove Wagner* (London: Macmillan, 1984), 104.

Comparing these things with what I can read of the Earliest and best authenticated appearances of Pan, I can but conclude that they relate to similar occurrences. It is true that I found myself later in a room covered with pictures of what we now call ancient instruments, and that when I picked up the brown tube of wood I found that it had ivory rings upon it. And no proper reed has ivory rings on it, by nature. Also, they told me it was a "recorder," whatever that is.⁹⁴

It is the beginning of an essay entitled "Arnold Dolmetsch," which goes on to adumbrate very nearly every point I have been making about authentic performance and the modern aesthetic. Here are a few more passages:

This is the whole flaw of impressionist or "emotional" music as opposed to pattern music. It is like a drug: you must have more drug, and more noise each time, or this effect, this impression which works from the outside, in from the nerves and sensorium upon the self—is no use, its effect is constantly weaker and weaker. . . .

The early music starts with the mystery of pattern; if you like, with the vortex of pattern; with something which is, first of all, music, and which is capable of being, after that, many things. What I call emotional, or impressionist music, starts with being emotion or impression and then becomes only approximately music. . . .

As I believe that [Wyndham] Lewis and Picasso are capable of revitalizing the instinct of design so I believe that a return, an awakening to the possibilities, not necessarily of "Old" music, but of pattern music played on ancient instruments, is, perhaps, able to make music again a part of life, not merely a part of theatricals. The musician, the performing musician as distinct from the composer, might again be an interesting person, an artist, not merely a sort of manual saltimbanque or a stage hypnotist. It is, perhaps, a question of whether you want music, or whether you want to see an obsessed personality trying to "dominate" an audience. . . . It is music that exists for the sake of being music, not for the sake of, as they say, producing an impression.

They tell me "everyone knows Dolmetsch who knows of old music, but not many people know of it." . . . Why is it that the fine things always seem to go on in a corner? Is it a judgment on democracy? Is it that what has once been the pleasure of the many, of the pre-Cromwellian many, has been permanently swept out of life? . . . Is it that the aristocracy, which ought to set the fashion, is too weakened and too unreal to perform the due functions of "aristocracy"? . . . Is it that real democracy can only exist under feudal conditions, when no man fears to recognize creative skill in his neighbor?⁹⁵

⁹⁴*Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, ed. T. S. Eliot (New York: New Directions, 1968), 431.

⁹⁵*Ibid.*, 434–36.

It is all here: hatred of the revolution and the mob, the avoidance of living forms, the purity of art, art as scrupulous play of pattern, as wide-awake precision, as reflector of life as socially experienced. And over all, the twinkling ironic eye of Pan. Ortega, who knew not Dolmetsch, invoked the wood god, too: "The symbol of art is seen again in the magic flute of the Great God Pan which makes the young goats frisk at the edge of the grove. All modern art begins to appear comprehensible and in a way great when it is interpreted as an attempt to instill youthfulness into an ancient world."⁹⁶ And so, at its best, does authentic performance.

An interest in "Early Music," meaning anything earlier than the Viennese classics, was taken as a sign of avant-gardism in Stravinsky's youth, something regarded with suspicion by more conservative artists, Stravinsky's teacher among them. Rimsky-Korsakov's diary for 9 March 1904 contains the following entry:

This evening, together with Glazunov, I listened to the Johannes Passion [of Bach] at the Lutheran Church. Beautiful music, but it is music of an altogether different age and to sit through an entire oratorio at the present time is impossible. I am convinced that not only I, but everyone is bored, and if they say they enjoyed it then they're just lying through their teeth.⁹⁷

Landowska was fond of quoting Eugen d'Albert's preface to his turn-of-the-century edition of the *Well-Tempered Clavier*: "I know there are people who can listen for hours to [Bach's] cantatas without showing any apparent boredom. These people are either hypocrites or pedants."⁹⁸ Those of us who know better than to be seduced by such quotations into a complacent sense of our own superiority to Rimsky-Korsakov and d'Albert will likely agree that Bach's lack of headway among such eminent musicians must have had something to do with the relationship between the kind of performances he was getting then and the expectations of his hearers. The fact that Bach's music has made such a fantastic, unprecedented headway in the ninety or so years since then obviously has to do with changes both in the performances and in the expectations. In light of such reflections, consider now the candid reaction of an ideally competent and sensitive listener to a recent performance of the St. Matthew Passion that was billed as a historical reconstruction of the work (as it happens, very much along the lines proposed by Stravinsky half a century ago):

⁹⁶Ortega, "The Dehumanization of Art," 50.

⁹⁷Mark Yankovsky et al. (eds.), *Rimskii-Korsakov: Issledovaniia, materialy, pis'ma* (Moscow: Izdatel'stvo Akademii nauk SSSR, 1954), vol. 2, 16–17.

⁹⁸Quoted in Landowska *On Music*, 85.

Since my early teens I have heard many renditions of Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, covering the full spectrum of twentieth-century performance practice, from traditional versions with enormous choirs and piano continuo through various realizations according to the ever-changing notions of "authenticity," and I have never failed to be intensely moved by this work. But, in every earlier performance I always found the piece long and heavy, and, in spite of the frequent cuts in the traditional performances, my reserves of concentration were sooner or later exhausted. In the uncut Bach Ensemble version I found myself for the first time totally involved to the very end, and I left the performance without the sense that the piece was overly long.⁹⁹

The review goes on to emphasize many of the points we have dwelt upon in the present discussion: energetic tempi, clarity of texture, buoyant sonorities vouchsafed by small but variegated performing forces. These qualities would have been appreciated by Rimsky-Korsakov, too, who complained in his diary that it all sounded alike, that the choral writing was clumsy, that the tone color was uniform owing to "this incessant organ," and so on, all of which prevented the music from making an effect comparable to what he called "*our* music—a free music, music that plays with a succession of varied moods, music that employs all the most varied technical means, music that flows in varied and interesting forms."¹⁰⁰

What can all this mean, except that in modern performances, including those modernistic ones I call authentic, modern audiences have been discovering a Bach they *can* call their own—or, in other words, that Bach has at last been adapted with unprecedented success to modern taste. Our authentic performers, whatever they may say or think they are doing, have begun to accomplish for the twentieth century what Mendelssohn *et al.* had accomplished for the nineteenth. They are reinterpreting Bach for their own time—that is, for our time—the way all deathless texts must be reinterpreted if they are in fact to remain deathless and exempt from what familiarity breeds.

That is why I wish to register my complete dissent from the usual gloomy diagnosis of the twentieth-century cultural impasse that the "authenticity movement" supposedly reveals. We have got our purposes, all right, and our stylistic preferences, and they are well and truly represented—authentically represented!—in our performances of music of all ages. This was quite dramatically illustrated at that

⁹⁹Alexander Silbiger, "Conference Report: Johann Sebastian Bach: 300th Anniversary Celebration," *Journal of Musicology*, 4 (1985–86): 119.

¹⁰⁰*Rimskii-Korsakov: Issledovaniia*, 17.

much-touted Battle of the Bands in September 1984, when the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and the Academy of Ancient Music faced off on the stage of Alice Tully Hall. It was—despite the advance publicity and the differences in the ways Messrs. Cooper and Hogwood expressed themselves at intermission time—by no means the expected case of the Schleps vs. the Prigs. One heard dash and vigor from the British fiddles, and poise and clarity in the New Yorkers' playing. Both groups started their trills from above and neither eschewed string vibrato. Simon Standage played with the panache of the Galamian pupil he is, and Kenneth Cooper brought down the house with the unforgettable glitter and drive of his splendidly embellished Fifth Brandenburg (replete with sixty-five bar "cadenza"). This was first-rate modern Bach from all hands. All of it was fleet, buoyant, and eminently geometrical. And it was not simply a matter of "convergence," nor one of the "mainstream" aping the "historians." The geometrical Bach, as we now know, was in place before the "historians" ever began to ply their wares.

So why all the bloodshed and recriminations? Why not simply recognize our modern Bach for what he is, and stop the nonsense about authenticity? As I see it, there are three reasons: (1) some enduring Dolmetsch-inspired mythology, (2) the belated intervention of positivist musicology, and (3) the ideology of our museum culture.

As Pound observed, Arnold Dolmetsch began his pioneering work "in a corner," and stayed there all his life. Though a muckraking critic like Shaw might, as we would now say, co-opt him as a stick with which to beat the Establishment,¹⁰¹ the professional musicians of his day by and large wrote Dolmetsch off as a rustic crank. Unlike Landowska, who was only vaguely aware of him, Dolmetsch never toured the world. He was a local phenomenon, and once removed to Haslemere an isolated one. Nor was the level of his performance, or his family's, of a technical quality that could effectively challenge the musicians of the mainstream. Thus Dolmetsch and the musicians of his age stood as it were back to back; and as his life went on he adopted more and more the embattled and embittered tone of a voice crying in the wilderness—a tone that has remained characteristic of many of his heirs. In the Introduction to his magnum opus, *The Interpretation of the Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, published in 1915, Dolmetsch inveighed against the "prejudice and preconceived ideas" of "intolerant modernity." What he meant by modernity, however, was the musical world on which he had turned his back in the

¹⁰¹See Shaw's reviews of Dolmetsch's historical concerts in the early 1890s, collected in Bernard Shaw, *Music in London 1890–94* (New York: Vienna House, 1973), vols. 2 and 3, *passim*.

1880s, still preserved in aspic by Furtwängler in 1950. That world could indeed be characterized as a monolithic mainstream. Even by 1915, though, it had changed into a divided world, one faction of which (though probably unbeknown to Dolmetsch) was growing quite receptive to his message.

Or was it? From what we can gather from this very book, from Dolmetsch's attitudes toward "original instruments,"¹⁰² and from the handful of recordings he made near the end of his life, it appears that Pound might have, as the saying lately goes, creatively misread the subject of his fascinating essay of 1914. Where Pound waxed enthusiastic over pattern and precision, Dolmetsch emphasized "what the Old Masters *felt* about their own music, what impressions they wished to convey, and, generally, what was the *Spirit of their Art*," and he purported to "show how erroneous is the idea, still entertained by some, that expression is a modern thing, and that the old music requires nothing beyond mechanical precision."¹⁰³ Dolmetsch's use of the word "modern" here is already a symptom of the confusion he has sown. But more to the point, it transpires that he was still a musician whom we might call an idealist and a vitalist, and he played little or no role in establishing the modernist style of performance that sustains early music playing today.

But be all that as it may, Dolmetsch bequeathed a mythology, to which many still unreflectingly subscribe, that cast a hated "present" that even by the time of its casting was receding into the past, against a "past" that was actually a constructed dogmatic fiction created in the present—for surely I need remind no one how many of the tenets of Dolmetsch's "historical style" (his overdotting, for one thing) have been seriously modified and in some cases overturned by subsequent research.

Meanwhile a seismic shift in musical sensibilities, brought on by the advent of modernism, was effecting a change in performance style for all music. It did not happen overnight, but after a couple of generations, say by the middle of the twentieth century, it was done. Anyone who still adheres to the division "modern" style versus "historical" style, then, is implicitly taking Furtwängler's Bach for the norm, which is to say, he is still living with Dolmetsch in the 1880s, a good century behind the times.

Now it was just around the time that the shift to what I call authentically modern performance was completed that academic

¹⁰²See the account of Dolmetsch's harpsichord by Robert Donington, quoted by Laurence Dreyfus in "Early Music Defended against its Devotees: A Theory of Historical Performance in the Twentieth Century," *Musical Quarterly* 69 (1983): 305–6.

¹⁰³Arnold Dolmetsch, *The Interpretation of the Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (London, 1915; 2nd edn. 1946; repr. 1969), xiii (italics original).

musicologists began turning their attention in a conspicuous way to performance practice. This can be viewed as part of a larger picture, the modernist takeover of the universities. In academic music studies, it was the heyday of logical positivism, symbolized, if you will, by the Princeton music department, which in the 1950s and 1960s was presided over by Milton Babbitt in composition and theory, and by Arthur Mendel in musicology.¹⁰⁴ Mendel (1905–79) had started his musical career in the 1920s as a composition pupil of Nadia Boulanger. In the 1930s he had been a prominent critic of new music (for the *Nation*, *Modern Music*, etc.). In the 1940s he was a choral conductor specializing in the music of Schütz and Bach. It is not surprising, given his background, that when he became an academic musicologist he should have made performance practice his speciality. He was among the earliest to do so; since his time, the number of such scholars has become legion.

Performance research as Mendel practiced it was a vastly different kind of enterprise from what it had been with Dolmetsch or Landowska. Positivist scholarship is interested in letter, not spirit. It sets up research experiments—"problems"—to be solved by applying rules of logic and evidence, the goal being avowedly to determine "What was done," not "What is to be done," let alone "How to do it." Direct application to actual performance is not the primary aim of such studies. They are not "utilitarian" but "pure research." Howard Mayer Brown has accurately characterized the nature of such scholarship when he insists upon the "dispassionate" suspension of "personal commitment" in the quest for a truth that ultimately represents—in the words of Leopold von Ranke, the father of *Historismus*—"the way it really was" (*wie es eigentlich gewesen*).¹⁰⁵ A perfect example of positivistic historicism in the realm of performance practice is Mendel's classic article, "Some Ambiguities of the Mensural System," which questions the prescriptive tempo relationships that have been established by modern editors in a wide range of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century music, demonstrates that contemporary theorists disagreed too often to be trusted uncritically, and ends with fully seven closely packed pages detailing dozens of individual unsolved problems in need of attack by future inductive research. The list is preceded by a more general prospectus that merits quoting at some length:

What is needed, it seems to me, is not more articles advocating this or that interpretation of this or that theorist, or of a group of theorists

¹⁰⁴For stimulating, partly autobiographical, reflections on this phase of academic music study and its consequences, see chap. 2 ("Musicology and Positivism: the Postwar Years") of Kerman, *Contemplating Music*.

¹⁰⁵"Pedantry or Liberation," 39, 54.

arbitrarily selected, but rather an orderly method of gathering and sorting evidence from both the theorists and (particularly) the music itself. We do not know for most composers how consistent they were in their own mensural practice. We do not know what degree of consistency may have been imposed by publishers or copyists on different composers. We need to gather evidence of the mensural practice of each of the principal composers, each of the principal publishers, perhaps each of the principal anthologies.¹⁰⁶

In one sense this agnosticism is quite salutary. It dismantles the historiographical dogmas of the Dolmetsches, and throws some cold light on their rejection of the unloved specious "present." But as Howard Mayer Brown has pointed out (tongue, one trusts, in cheek), a performer "seems to need the psychological protection of actually believing in what he is doing."¹⁰⁷ He cannot settle for a survey of the problem, he must, by performing, propose a solution. A performance simply cannot merely reflect the sketchy state of objective knowledge on a point of performance practice, it must proceed from the conviction that a full working knowledge is in the performers' (subjective) possession. While generations of scholars chew over Mendel's seven pages of problems, what is the poor performer who wants to sing some Josquin des Prez to do? Wait till all the evidence is in and all the articles are published? He will probably never open his mouth. Rejoice that the answers have not been found and he is free to do as he likes? That is certainly one possibility—but he who would do so risks rebuke from scholars whose implicit attitude seems to be, "Shut up until we can tell you what to do." This kind of destructive authoritarianism is rampant in reviews of performances of Medieval and Renaissance music, where just about any performance at all is open to the charge of "mixing . . . musicology and make-believe,"¹⁰⁸ if that is the kind of tack the reviewer wishes to take. Professor Mendel himself, sad to say, made a habit of giving performers, in Grout's words quoted earlier, a "bad conscience" about what they were doing, by challenging them to justify it on hard evidence. He presided over a terrifying workshop at the Josquin Festival Conference in 1971 on the performance of Josquin's Masses,¹⁰⁹ and used the positivistic inductive method as a veritable stick to beat modern performers. No matter

¹⁰⁶Arthur Mendel, "Some Ambiguities of the Mensural System," in Harold Powers (ed.), *Studies in Music History: Essays for Oliver Strunk* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1968), 153.

¹⁰⁷"Pedantry or Liberation," 55.

¹⁰⁸David Hiley, record review in *Early Music*, 13 (1985): 597.

¹⁰⁹A heavily edited transcript is available in Edward Lowinsky, in collaboration with Bonnie J. Blackburn (eds.), *Josquin des Prez* (London: Oxford University Press, 1976), 696–719.

what they did, Professor Mendel could find some theorist or source to say them nay. Nor can I ever forget the time Professor Mendel traveled up to New York to hear Nikolaus Harnoncourt lecture at Columbia about his ideas on Bach performance. The professor played the grand inquisitor: "But Mr. Harnoncourt, do you *know* that's true?" he intoned again and again. Mr. Harnoncourt could only splutter.

That is not the way. Joseph Kerman has chided me for "perpetuat[ing] old-fashioned stereotypes" of the musicologist *versus* the performer in essay 1.¹¹⁰ I would like to think them outmoded, too, and as more scholars perform and more performers "schol," perhaps one day they will be. But the specter of Arthur Mendel continues to dance before me, and I feel we must still keep our guard up against holding the performer, as I put it there, "to the same strict standards of accountability we rightly demand of any scholar." For performers cannot realistically concern themselves with *wie es eigentlich gewesen*. Their job is to discover, if they are lucky, *wie es eigentlich uns gefällt*—how we really like it.

Really talented performers are always curious, and curious performers will always find what they need in the sources and theorists—what they need being ways of enriching and enlivening what they do. I have saved for discussion till now my favorite recording of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto, the one directed by Gustav Leonhardt, recorded in Holland in 1976 (Appendix, Recording No. 2h). When discussing Edward Cone's model of Baroque performance practice, I observed that where he speaks of beat, musicians of the period invariably spoke of meter. Taking this aspect of historical evidence seriously has been the special distinction of the Dutch and Belgian Early Music performers of the last couple of decades. Their efforts have occasionally met with scorn, and in truth, when applied literalistically, their zealous downbeat-bashing can turn into self-parody. But applied with discretion and wit, what a lilt due attention to meter can impart! Leonhardt's performance is still squarely within the domain of the geometrical, as we have defined it, and in tempo it is on a par with Pinnock, who "placed" in our previous sampling at $\text{♩} = 96$. But the larger metrical units and the broader pulses lend a hint of iconicity to the performance—a sense of human gait. Hardnosed modernism here relaxes a bit, as well it might, its battle long since won. Leonhardt's recording also demonstrates the joyful results of thoroughly passionate and committed experiment with original instruments. His players have truly understood what, in essay 2, I described as the inestimable and indispensable heuristic value of the old instruments in freeing minds and hands to experience old music newly.

¹¹⁰Contemplating Music, 203.

What the result of such liberation will be, however, is unpredictable, and to presume that the use of historical instruments guarantees a historical result is simply preposterous.

Just how preposterous we can judge by comparing Leonhardt's recording with the recent one by the equally authenticistic Concentus Musicus under Harnoncourt (Appendix, Recording No. 2i). We will not have heard such a tempo since Stokowski's, nor nuances such as these since Furtwängler. It is vitalism redux. Nikolaus Harnoncourt shared with Leonhardt the Dutch government's Erasmus Prize in 1980 for their re-creations of Baroque music. Clearly, though, if one of them should happen to be re-creating the music of the Baroque, the other is baying at the moon. And if we think we know who is doing which, it is because we have accepted an authority, not because we are in possession of the truth. It is a fair guess that most Early Music connoisseurs today will side with Leonhardt in the matter of verisimilitude, and look upon Harnoncourt as a rebel. And in a way they would be right. Leonhardt's performance is well within the accepted canons of modernism, while Harnoncourt's is a challenge to them, not unlike the challenge lately issued by the so-called neoromantics to modernist canons of composition. We are in the midst of what may yet be another major shift in aesthetic and cultural values, and the fact that "Early Music" is reflecting it testifies to its vitality and its cultural authenticity.

As long as we speak of re-creations we can accept this kind of pluralism with equanimity and tolerance—which need not mean, of course, without a preference. It is when we talk about restoration that the trouble begins, and "authenticity" turns ugly.

Ever since we have had a concept of "classical" music we have implicitly regarded our musical institutions as museums and our performers as curators.¹¹¹ Curators do not own the artifacts in their charge. They are not free to dispose and use up at pleasure. They are caretakers, pledged to preserve them intact. Hence the negative value that lately attaches to the word "transcription." It has acquired a specious ring of vandalism, even forgery.

And hence the magical aura that has attached, in the minds of many, to "original instruments"; for they are artifacts as concretely,

¹¹¹For illuminating reflections on this theme, see three articles by William Weber: "Mass Culture and the Reshaping of European Musical Taste," *International Review of the Aesthetics and Sociology of Music*, 8 (1977): 5–21; "The Contemporaneity of Eighteenth-Century Musical Taste," *Musical Quarterly*, 70 (1984): 175–94; "Wagner, Wagnerism, and Musical Idealism," in David C. Large and William Weber (eds.), *Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1984), 28–71; and two by J. Peter Burkholder: "Museum Pieces: The Historicist Mainstream in the Music of the Last Hundred Years," *Journal of Musicology*, 2 (1983): 115–34; "Brahms and Twentieth-Century Classical Music," *Nineteenth-Century Music*, 8 (1984): 75–83.

tangibly, and objectively authentic as an Old Master painting, and those who use them can claim ipso facto to be better curators than those who do not. But though the instruments are objects, the pieces they play are not. And hence the falseness, nay the evil, of the notion, so widespread at the moment, that the activity of our authenticistic performer is tantamount to that of a restorer of paintings, who strips away the accumulated dust and grime of centuries to lay bare an original object in all its pristine splendor. In musical performance, neither what is removed nor what remains can be said to possess an objective ontological existence akin to that of dust or picture. Both what is "stripped" and what is "bared" are *acts* and both are interpretations—unless you can conceive of a performance, say, that has no tempo, or one that has no volume or tone color. For any tempo presupposes choice of tempo, any volume choice of volume, and choice is interpretation.

But that is not the worst of it. What is thought of as the "dirt" when musicians speak of restoring a piece of music is what people, acting out of an infinite variety of motives over the years, have done with it.¹¹² What is thought of as the "painting" by such musicians is an imaginary rendering in which "personal choices" have been "reduc[ed]" to a minimum,¹¹³ and, ideally, eliminated. What this syllogism reduces to is: *people are dirt*.

And with that, of course, we return to our starting point, for this is another, less attractive way of stating the premise that underlies the whole modern movement. It is the dark side of dehumanization, the side that does evoke robots and concentration camps. We will not forget where Ezra Pound ended up, and why.

But we are not there yet, and Leonhardt's quirky Bach, to say nothing of Harmoncourt's, gives reassurance that the restoration ideal is far from universally shared. It is not the elimination of personal choice from performance that real artists desire, but its improvement and refreshment. And for this purpose original instruments, historical treatises, and all the rest have proven their value.

¹¹²Here, too, there is a bona fide modernist resonance. One of the last prose pieces to be published under Stravinsky's name contains this bit of heavy-handed ironizing about Leonard Bernstein: "Publicity often seems to be about all that is left of the arts. . . . Hence the spectacle, *also* almost the only one left, of the prisoners of publicity relentlessly driven to ever more desperate devices, as the condemned, in the Fifth Canto, are blown eternally by the unceasing winds. Recently one of music's super-damned (in this sense) was actually reduced to 'cleaning up' the score of . . . *Cavalleria Rusticana*, obvious as it must have been even to him that the accumulated dirt of bygone 'interpreters' was also the protective makeup that had kept the ghastly piece going this long." "Performing Arts," *Harper's* (June 1970): 38.

¹¹³Christopher Hogwood, quoted in Will Crutchfield, "A Report From the Battlefield" (see n. 4 above), 28.

The best indication of all that sterile restoration has not become the general ideal is that we have not acted upon our best means of achieving it, namely sound recordings. We have a much better idea of what music sounded like in Tchaikovsky's day than we will ever have of what it sounded like in Bach's day, and yet we do not hear performances of Tchaikovsky in our own day that sound like the Elman Quartet, for example, whose recorded interpretation of the famous "Andante cantabile" surely represents the kind of approach the composer expected (intended?) (Appendix, Recording No. 6).

Why not? Because it does not please us. Modern performance is an integrated thing. Our performances of Tchaikovsky are of a piece with our performances of Bach. That is what proves that they are of and for our time. And that is why, within the terms of the definition the foregoing statement implies, I do regard authenticistic performances as authentic. As soon as a consensus develops that we must restore Tchaikovsky to his scoops and slides simply because that is what the evidence decrees,¹¹⁴ I shall be the first to join in a chorus of lament for our Alexandrian age and the doom that it forebodes. It will mean we no longer care personally what we do or what we hear. Osip Mandelstam was revolted by nothing so much as what he called "omnivorous" or "haphazard" taste; to him it signified nihilism, an absence of values.¹¹⁵ But as long as we know what we do want and what we do not want, and act upon that knowledge, we have values and are not dirt. We have authenticity.

POSTSCRIPT, 1994

Partly as a result of this very essay and the book of which it was a part, conditions have changed so as to lend this "ultimate" statement of the authenticity-as-modernism thesis something of a period flavor. Particularly dated, it seems to me, is the way it targets Christopher Hogwood as the authenticity ringleader. I would like to think that that is not only because so many new faces have emerged in the field since the middle of the eighties. I would like to think that popular perceptions about Early Music have matured.

¹¹⁴For a harbinger of such a viewpoint, see Jon Finson, "Performing Practice in the Late Nineteenth Century, with Special Reference to the Music of Brahms," *Musical Quarterly*, 70 (1984): 457–75. Sure enough, an attempt is made to rationalize (and sanctify) *portamenti* by calling them "structural."

¹¹⁵Nadezhda Mandelstam, *Hope Against Hope*, trans. Max Hayward (New York: Atheneum, 1970), 268.

When *Authenticity and Early Music* was finally published in 1988, the editor, Nicholas Kenyon, gave it a high-publicity launching on the BBC with a collage of interviews with the authors and their subjects. He got a lot of mileage, bless his heart, out of the concluding paragraphs of essay 4. I especially liked the little confession he managed to wring from Hogwood.

Q: So how did this potent but misleading idea of cleaning the dirt from the painting, which is now under such strong attack, get established?

A: Well, I think it's a simple metaphor for people who want an easy latchkey for this thing, and I quite agree that a lot of what one says to try and make the topic acceptable, explicable and attractive to the average consumer will not stand up to logical scrutiny, but it was never meant to.

I offer the foregoing in answer to the many who have accused me of flaying dead horses, or, as Andrew Porter puts it, of "driving a scholarly steamroller at Aunt Sallys that few serious musicians take seriously."¹ The frequency, and the intensity, with which this charge is made is ample testimony, in my view, to the life that remains in whatever horses I have been beating.² In fact, the horses are more alive than ever. In the wake of the Sistine Chapel debacle, even the art world has been alerted to the false claims to which restorers are given, and former defenders of such claims have begun to recant. The Warburg Institute's Charles Hope, for one, now allows that even in the case of painting it cannot be simply assumed that "we could remove centuries of accumulated dirt to reveal the pristine work of art beneath." This, as Hope now acknowledges, is because restoration is not solely restorative. It is "seldom undertaken solely to counter physical threats to works of art, such as cracking or flaking; rather it aims to improve their appearance." And, he finally admits, "just what constitutes an improvement is of course conditioned by current taste."³ I think, moreover, that Andrew Porter puts his finger on what has alarmed my critics when he writes, with determined civility, that "Mr. Taruskin—possibly to his own dismay—gives comfort to people reluctant to hear, as he is not, the merits, as well as the musical failings, that have marked 'period' endeavor." I give no such comfort; the dismay is entirely Mr. Porter's, and it is a familiar sort of dismay, voiced most

¹ Andrew Porter, "Musical Events," *The New Yorker* (21 August 1989): 74.

² See also, for example, Charles Rosen ("The Shock of the Old," *New York Review of Books*, 19 July 1990, 46), who accuses me of reserving my "most crushing arguments . . . for opinions that no one really holds"; or Christopher Page ("A Revolt of the Ear," *Times Literary Supplement*, 24 February/2 March 1989, 20), who dismisses essay 4 as "using very substantial learning to obliterate some very insubstantial claims about authenticity made in publicity issued by record companies and in the occasional incautious sleeve-note."

³ "Restoration or Ruination?," *New York Review of Books* (18 November 1993): 4.

consistently by apologists for the old Soviet Union or for the state of Israel: if there are faults, let them not be named aloud lest we comfort the enemy.

Such critics mistake my purpose. I do not think of the Early Music debates as the moral equivalent of war. I am well aware that many "Early Music" viewpoints are upheld not seriously at all, but altogether cynically. Yet I have always considered it important for musicologists to put their expertise at the service of "average consumers" and alert them to the possibility that they are being hoodwinked, not only by commercial interests but by complaisant academics, biased critics, and pretentious performers. Thanks to Nick Kenyon, I can cite Christopher Hogwood's words in confirmation.

I am grateful as well to Professor Andrew Roberts of the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, who advised me of the correct date for Ezra Pound's essay on Arnold Dolmetsch.

Recordings referred to in Essay 4

1. Bach, *Chromatic Fantasy* (Landowska) RCA LCT 1137
2. Bach, *Fifth Brandenburg Concerto*, First movement
 - (a) Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
 Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. and piano soloist
 Willi Boskovsky, violin
 Gustav Neidermayer, flute
 (Salzburg Festival, 1950)
 RECITAL RECORDS 515 (distributed by Discocorp, Berkeley)
 - (b) Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, cond.
 Fernando Valenti, harpsichord
 Anshel Brusilow, violin
 William Kincaid, flute
 COLUMBIA MS 6313 (1961)
 - (c) Busch Chamber Orchestra
 Adolf Busch, violin and leader
 Marcel Moyse, flute
 Rudolf Serkin, piano
 ANGEL COLC 14 (originally recorded 1935)
 - (d) Fritz Reiner, cond. a pickup ensemble
 (ripieno: 2 on a part)
 Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord
 Hugo Kolberg, violin
 Julius Baker, flute
 COLUMBIA ML 4283 (1950)

- (e) Collegium Aureum (ripieni soli)
Franzjosef Maier, violin and leader
Hans-Martin Linde, flute
Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord
RCA VICTROLA 6023 (originally Harmonia Mundi, c. 1965)
- (f) The English Concert (ripieno: 1 [plus solo], 2, 2, 1, 1)
Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord and leader
Simon Standage, violin
Lisa Beznosiuk, flute
DG ARC 2742003 (1982)
- (g) Academy of Ancient Music (ripieno:
1 violin, 1 viola, violone [no cello])
Christopher Hogwood, harpsichord and leader
Catherine Mackintosh, violin
Stephen Preston, flute
OISEAU-LYRE 414 187-1 (1985)
- (h) Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord and leader
(ripieni soli)
Frans Brüggen, flute
Sigiswald Kuijken, violin
PRO-ARTE 2PAX-2001 (1976)
- (i) Concentus Musicus Wien, Nikolaus Harnoncourt,
dir. (ripieni soli)
Leopold Stastny, flute
Alice Harnoncourt, violin,
Herbert Tachezi, harpsichord
TELEFUNKEN 6.42840 AZ (1982)
- 3. Mozart, Sonata in D, K. 448
Béla and Ditta Bartók, pianos
HUNGAROTON LPX 12334-38 (originally recorded Budapest,
1939)
- 4. Mozart, Fugue in C minor, K. 426
Igor and Soulima Stravinsky, piano
FRENCH COLUMBIA LFX-951/3 (recorded Paris, c. 1938)
- 5. (a) Bach, Crucifixus (B minor Mass)
Otto Klemperer, cond.
ANGEL S-3720 (c. 1963)
- (b) Bach, Crucifixus (B minor Mass)
Johannes Martini, cond.
MUSIKPRODUKTION DABRINGHAUS U. GRIMM 1146-47 (c. 1985)
- 6. Tchaikovsky, Quartet No. 1, Op. 11 (Andante cantabile)
Elman Quartet
VICTOR RED SEAL 745575 (c. 1918)